

## Interview with Douglas G. Hartley

The Association for Diplomatic Studies and Training Foreign Affairs Oral History Project

DOUGLAS G. HARTLEY

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*Q: Doug, let's start at the beginning. Tell me when and where you were born and something about your family.*

HARTLEY: I was born in London, England in March of 1934. I have to go back a little bit in order to explain how I happened to be born in England. My father's father, a Yorkshireman from Halifax, had come to the United States in the late 1880s to work. He was in the wool business. He had been either invited or hired to go out and work at woolen mills outside of Providence, Rhode Island, by one Frederick Fletcher, who became an owner of many mills in the Providence-Pawtucket area and a man of substance in that part of the world. My grandfather, Harry Hartley, ended up by marrying the boss's daughter, Jenny, my grandmother. My father, who was born in Brookline, Massachusetts remained a U.S. citizen all his life. My mother was from Baltimore, but her mother's family came from the northern Mississippi- Memphis area. My parents settled in England in 1927 and so therefore I was born in England in 1934. My father was a private businessman who manufactured trailers, which the English call caravans - basically tow trailers that people use to go on holidays, that sort of thing. He started this business in the early '30s. It was fascinating for me as a young kid to come in there and see all of these things being built.

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It was a small business. It started during the depression and then the war came and knocked the foundations off of everything, so it never really got anywhere.

In September, 1939 after World War II was declared, my mother and father decided that she should return home with myself and my sister, which we proceeded to do in late September, 1939 on the good ship Manhattan. I remember it was blacked out, very, very crowded, with the swimming pool full of bunk beds. We spent an interminable time in Bordeaux while people streamed on board. I remember there was a guy with a big moustache pacing the deck who turned out to be Arturo Toscanini on his way back from one of his trips from Europe. We had the American basketball team. The swimming pool was full of bunk beds. People were starting to see the light and get out of Europe. Well, we settled into Baltimore, my sister and I. I attended the Gilman School in Baltimore, Maryland for five years.

*Q: This would be what we would call elementary junior high level?*

HARTLEY: Yes, elementary junior high level. From age six to eleven. Then when the war ended, my father was demobilized. Oh, to jump back a moment, my father joined the British home guard in 1940. He did that because that way he did not have any problems about losing his citizenship, because the home guard wasn't regarded as regular military, and hence a cause for loss of citizenship. Then, when Roosevelt declared that citizenship need not be lost by service in the British army, he enlisted in the elite Coldstream Guards Regiment but to his great disappointment, he never went overseas. When he was demobilized in late-1945, he returned to us. It had been five and a half years since I had seen him. He came back in October and he decided what I needed was some good, old-fashioned English discipline. So he and I went back to England in January, 1946, where I was entered into a British prep school. Everything seemed almost unbelievably austere for an 11 year old coming back to a country which had suffered as England had. I remember creeping up the Bristol Channel in the Victory Ship we crossed over on, and disembarking at Avonmouth, near Bristol, being met by two shabby men in a tiny Austen and driving

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through bombed out ruins to the train station for the ride to London. London, blacked out, grim, cold. The idea was to give me enough training to get me into a British private (high) school. Though Gilman was and is considered to be an excellent school and I was usually top of my class, I found myself way behind way behind in everything - about three or four years behind a lot of these kids. I was put in classes with eight-year-olds who looked like about five-year-olds! However, I managed to pass the exams for Eton, and I was a "Yank" at Eton - the only American in Eton for four years. That was quite an experience.

*Q: I'd like to talk about this. You were in Eton from when?*

HARTLEY: From 1947-51.

*Q: Actually, those were very difficult years for the British, weren't they? Lots of shortages and the end of the war had not given much relief.*

HARTLEY: That's right. England took a tremendous beating during the war. They came out of it broke and demoralized. The Attlee post-war government instituted what really amounted to a social revolution. People don't quite, I think, appreciate that. The Socialist government, the Labor government when they came in, in 1946—were avowedly trying to equalize society in England. They had fanatics there like Sir Stafford Cripps and ideologues like Harold Laski. They seemed to take special delight in finishing off the old land-owners through crippling taxes - a process, which, to be fair, had started even before World War I. They nationalized industry and established a tremendous network of rules and regulations which basically stopped - or slowed down - what would have been a natural/national evolution toward greater prosperity. They were stridently anti-establishment and in my view set their own agenda ahead of the interests of the people. As a result, England was behind the eight ball and took a great deal longer to recover than the other European countries which also benefitted from extensive Marshall aid. Under the socialists everyone in England, regardless of class, seemed to be suffering, simply because there was no growth, simply redistribution of a very small pie which didn't grow .

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In the period I was there, I remember that we would receive eggs and other things from places like Denmark and I remember asking why would the Danes have all these eggs when you can't find an egg. But I would get gift packages from various people. So while I was there, rationing was in effect all the way through. It was fairly stringent: one egg a week and a quarter of a pound of butter a week. Fruit was almost impossible to get except for dates; worst of all, 10 ounces of candy per month. We could get dates any time. There must have had some barter agreement with the Moroccans or something. So I got to eat a lot of dates. I believe that my distrust of socialism and communism as viable economic systems stem from my post-war experiences in England. I must say that I did not make a lot of friends at Eton. In fact, I never really kept up with anybody. It's too bad in a way, because when I returned many years later as a diplomat in London, I didn't have a pool of friends, which I really should have had, having had four years of school there. But by age 17, by dint of having passed what were then the English School Certificate exams, I was able to apply and be accepted at Harvard, which may have been helped by the fact that my father was a Harvard alumnus.

*Q: Let's talk a little bit about Eton which was, and still is, a breeding ground for much of what rules England. What were your impressions about the course and attitudes?*

HARTLEY: Well, the English are basically like us in many respects. When I was in Eton, it was still very much what we would call an elitist institution. And most of the kids - the boys - with the exception of scholarship students, were from a pretty limited hierarchy of English life. The scholars, what they call the King's Scholars, whose academic standards were very high, were tapped from a broader social base. They also, as a sort of sop to the Labor government, probably, allowed two or three boys from the council Schools, the government schools, to come in. The boys had a hard time adjusting to life at Eton, mostly because they had the wrong accent. Anybody who knows England knows that accent instantly typed you in England. And even to this day, it does that, though there is now a sort of classless accent, especially among the younger generation. As an American, however, I couldn't really be typed because, in the British eye, Americans are basically

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like colonials and they can be different with comparative impunity. So my accent was not any problem for me. Also, I lost my accent, largely. When I left Eton, I had practically a completely English accent, which whether it was because I have a fairly good “ear” or by natural defense mechanism, I don't know.

You asked me about English attitudes. Well, I don't think I got into very many political discussions while I was at Eton. We were too busy trying to work and do our sports and athletics. But people were on the whole friendly to me. I had no serious problems being an American. I think I had problems because I was kind of rebellious of some of the discipline in the school. Although I never got into trouble for that, I had attitudes which made me rather, I guess, negative, towards the regimentation. However, by osmosis or some way or other, I did get a very good education. I think that Eton has got very good standards, excellent teaching staff, very sophisticated. I think the average English boy of 16 or 17 intellectually is very much more sophisticated than his American counterpart. I think the educational level of the boys that left Eton when they were 17 or 18 were probably about like a sophomore or junior at a good American college. One of the reasons for this is that when they reached a certain academic level—and in England I should say that age groups don't mean a thing—you can be in one class and you can have a 15-year-old, a 16-year-old, or an 18-year-old. It all depends on how far up the academic ladder you are. When you start at an English public (i.e., private) school, you start at a lower level or a high level, depending on how well you do in the CEE (Common Entrance Exam). I started at a very low level so I never got to the specialization stage. However, those who got to the specialization—there would be a year of basically a specialty—it could be the language, it could be an area—for example, Soviet specialization. So that people getting into Oxford or Cambridge, which is where most of them ended up—had very much of a leg up on most of the other people except if they went to Winchester or some other institution like that.

*Q: Douglas, something I've noticed as I've read lots of books and all that—the British, especially those that come out of the better public schools, come out with a sense of command. They are leaders and all that, which of course was the major design of these*

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*schools. Called public, it meant for public service. Did you sense any of this going on at the time. Did you feel—When did you get this, or did your other people feel that they were sort of—Was it acknowledged that they were going to be the rulers? Or not?*

HARTLEY: I think one wasn't was conscious of that. But I think once you got up to a certain point you were given responsibilities. For instance, in the Eton system, there are about 25 houses. Each house had about 45 boys in it. The house was presided over by the housemaster, who was a member of the faculty. He and his wife lived there in separate quarters. But he presided. He wasn't directly involved in day-to-day administration. It was like the Queen versus the Prime Minister. The Prime Minister was the house Captain, a senior student, who was almost always a member of what was called POP - an elite society of the senior boys. They determined their own membership with no faculty input. In-house discipline was the responsibility of the Library, consisting of four or five of the senior boys in each house. It was, by present day standards, pretty harsh. There were beatings and that sort of thing. We never questioned this. It just was accepted, I guess much as discipline in the military is regarded as a necessary evil by those subjected to it. If you sinned or did something wrong, then you would be punished. And so you were. The Library would convene and the miscreant would be summoned to the Library after prayers, which was about eight o'clock. He would wait, and then had his punishment administered to him by the head of the house. His head would go under the table, bottom up for five or six lashings, with all Library members in attendance. The house master wasn't involved. I never heard of incidents where people carried this out in a sadistic way. I guess you could say that it was all part of a - getting back to your question - structured system that you got used to - that you were given, as you got older - in the hierarchy - additional responsibility. As a boy, you as House Captain became the CEO [chief executive officer] of the house. You were it. You would report to the board or the chairman, who would be the house master. Now if a house master thought that things were going wrong and that he had an incompetent guy at the top, then he could of course intervene and stir the pot. But it was very "hands off." I should mention here that during my second year at Eton I lost my

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father. He died of a heart attack at the age of 46. I had spent little time with him but felt close to him, this despite constant arguments with him. He was stridently pro-British and increasingly anti-American, perhaps because of his wartime experiences in England, and I was elbows-out American as a matter of principle!

Back to Eton, I think that the structure, the hierarchical nature of it, the fact that it was academically very advanced, were all ways of instilling leadership, feelings of leadership—that is to say, the assumption of responsibility. But also I think that because of the fact that the whole nature of the English aristocracy—they felt that they were superior—so that they came in to Eton with the feelings already in place - as much as they were acquired. In fact, Eton was very good for that because, duke or dustman, you tended to feel you could be feeling very humble if you have your head under a table being beaten on your ass. A somewhat humiliating experience, I assure you. It was probably good for some of these guys to have this happen to them.

*Q: You went to Harvard. You were at Harvard from '51 to when?*

HARTLEY: '51 to '55.

*Q: Did you know much about America by the time you got there?*

HARTLEY: Not a lot. I had been coming on vacations. In the English system, you have three long vacations per year. And starting about—I should go back and say that my parents returned to England briefly and then returned back to the United States and lived in Maryland. In 1951, my mother remarried my father's oldest friend and they moved to Washington where my stepfather, after a stint as an intelligence officer with General Patton, joined the CIA [Central Intelligence Agency], so they moved to Washington. That's why I count Washington as my home. But to answer your question - yes, I went back to the U.S. two or three times a year, but I didn't feel really a part of the U.S. I think if you're in school someplace, that's really the operative thing in your life at that time. It's so intensive. So I didn't really know the U.S. In Eton I was expected to act as an American, so I was

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always getting into arguments but they were usually not very serious ones. But I didn't—when it comes right down to it—know very much about the U.S. When I got to Harvard, I was placed with—looking back on it—some other people they didn't really know what to do with—who were from various other countries. My first roommates when I got to Harvard—one was from Ecuador, one was from Peru, one was from Worcester, Massachusetts, myself, and a guy from France. Obviously, they were saying “We're going to have to figure out what to do with these guys?”

*Q: What courses were you taking at Harvard?*

HARTLEY: Well, the way it worked out then, the freshmen courses were based on how you performed on your college boards and where you needed to have some additional work. I somehow passed my language requirement so I didn't have to do any language courses at Harvard. Kind of interesting—considering my career afterwards. But the first year was general courses, Humanities, Social Sciences. I thought, I think—looking back on it—since I had come from Eton, that I was so well educated that I'd be able to breeze through all this stuff. So I did a minimum of work and a maximum of drinking and partying, I guess partly in reaction to the austerity of life in Eton. I very soon found out that the people that I was with were very smart and very well educated. So I had a lot of serious problems the first semester while I was at Harvard. I did very badly in the exams and I was kind of up over my head, I think. I was really floundering. I was really too young.

*Q: Well, is it a system. One hears that the general pattern is that the secondary education in the United States doesn't seem to stack up very well against the better secondary education in other major countries, but by the time you get to the universities all of a sudden it changes quite rapidly. I'm not quite sure. This seems to be a truism ever since I've known about it. I'm interested in why, if this was your experience, how could you have these people come from benighted schools in the United States all of a sudden doing well?*



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HARTLEY: Well, Harvard has a very extensive scholarship program so that the student base is much broader than I believe, any other Ivy League school, much more than people think. I think something like half of the student body is on scholarships of one kind or another. So I was with guys who were the top performers of their pretty good high schools or prep schools. They were just very bright. The other thing was that Harvard had a deliberate policy of throwing you in over your head. I thought, many years later, Professor Sam Beers who gave a lecture at the State Department just last year—I hadn't seen him since I was a Harvard freshman. He taught this course called Social Sciences II. When I saw Sam Beers last year he was 85 years old, still going strong. I said, "You know, I took your social sciences course and I never did understand and still don't understand what it was all about." He laughed like crazy and said "Well, that was one of the reasons we did it. We wanted you to get a slight immersion treatment of political philosophy." So I think it was, in a way, again, a deliberately humiliating experience for lots of us.

*Q: In particularly these early years, were you picking up some of the currents that were going on in the United States? One was, about this time, hitting the academic world. I graduated from Williams, which was in Massachusetts, in 1950. We were getting the first breath—in fact, some of my professors were getting hit on McCarthyism. I was wondering whether you were—Harvard would be a natural target. Here you were, the new boy in the country, in a way, and looking at this. Were you seeing some of these currents around you?*

HARTLEY: Absolutely, because when I was first at Harvard, we lived outside of Baltimore, Maryland and they were a fairly conservative bunch of people. I used to get into serious arguments about McCarthy, whom I was dead set against. And I remember when I applied for the Foreign Service, I seriously wondered if anybody was going to come forth and say "This guy was a real pro-commie because he was against McCarthy and we remember—he certainly seemed like a socialist pinko to us." Of course it didn't happen. I applied first

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—I guess I took the exam in 1954 for the first time, I guess. I took it three times before I finally got in. But I remember thinking, “This is a concern to me.”

In Harvard we definitely felt exposed. There were Harvard professors who had been tapped by McCarthy or had been fingered by McCarthy. Professor Fairbanks was one of them. McCarthy had once said that you could “hear the swish of the wings of the fairies across the River Charles,” making one of his usual subtle references to Harvard. So the hearings in 1954—the Walsh hearings—we followed avidly and were delighted to see McCarthy being cornered.

*Q: These were the Army-McCarthy Hearings, I guess.*

HARTLEY: But one thing that I felt at the time, I really admired Harvard for, was that I remember being invited by a couple of what they called section heads, lower level from professors, not tenured but younger people who would teach seminars, basically. I went in there to see these two guys who had invited me through a friend. They were probably both communists, or if not, they were in all but name. I remember they had the banners of the ELAS Greek communist movement hanging up in their rooms. I thought, “Here we are in 1953-54 and these guys are in Harvard with these banners up and they - I don't really recall the text of what they said, but I'm sure it was really pretty left-wing stuff. But thinking back on it, I think it was pretty courageous of Harvard to have permitted this to go on at the time that they were under attack by McCarthy.

*Q: I always felt that the top level schools in New England - Harvard, and I would include Williams in that - came out quite well during the McCarthy time. And came out rather badly during the Vietnam War when they sort of lay over for the dominant forces which were from the left instead of the right.*

HARTLEY: Yes. That's right.

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*Q: But, you know, that's just a feeling. I was long out of it. Well, what courses were you taking, generally?*

HARTLEY: Once I got out of freshman year, I decided to major in government and international relations, both. It was called International Law and Relations. I was interested in Russia and Germany and took a course with Merle Fainsod, a professor of Russian history. Then my senior year I was given an advisor, I guess they call it, named Sam Huntington, who is still active in international affairs, writes articles and books. I was there with him and with a guy named Ralph Graner, who became a Foreign Service officer—whom I actually never saw while I was in the Foreign Service, but we were together with Sam Huntington. I also took courses on Central Europe, Germany between the wars and other government, international law courses. Then I took other, less relevant courses: social relations, which I think I took, expecting it to be easy. It was a gut, as they say. Then there was something called History of Religions, which I thoroughly enjoyed. Also I took some English literature courses, but I think mostly as a freshman.

*Q: As you moved on, were you looking for some sort of career? Did you have any idea what you wanted to do?*

HARTLEY: I, obviously from my background, was drawn to the international area. During the war I was passionately interested in what was happening in the war. I remember I had a map with flags and was following the advances of the various armies and I knew really a lot about the war, I think, for a guy my age. My father being in them at the time was something that affected me. My mother and stepfather moved to Washington and I got to know some Foreign Service people through my stepfather and my mother. She would invite people to parties and I would talk to people about international matters. So I had—I guess my direction in a way was toward something like the Foreign Service though I didn't really know much about the Foreign Service per se. My uncle was a Foreign Service officer, Livingston Hartley. He's the father of Charles Hartley, my cousin. He was also in the in the Foreign Service, retired, came in about the same time I did. But his

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father had some rather unfortunate experiences in the Foreign Service and was not really encouraging. I think that I decided, "Well, why not take the Foreign Service examination just for laughs." This was while I was a junior in college. And it was another one of life's humbling experiences.

*Q: Well, this was a three and a half day one, wasn't it, still?*

HARTLEY: That's right, and I remember it was given in some prefabs that were opposite the main campus of Georgetown University. I went in there, it was a 3-1/2 day experience, all essay-type questions. It was grueling, and I knew I had done badly. I got, I think, a 55, which was way below the passing grade of 70. But I wasn't particularly disappointed because I didn't expect to pass at that point. But in the interim, I had met Deborah Wait, who I was going to marry. We discussed all this and she seemed to think the Foreign Service might be kind of fun. The other thing I have to say is that at that time, as you may recall, it was the time of the IBM man with the buttoned-down shirt.

*Q: The man in the gray flannel suit.*

HARTLEY: The man in the gray flannel suit.

*Q: There's a book about the corporation man—anyway, the corporation man was being looked at—and not with the most benign eye. HARTLEY: That is exactly right. And I knew what I didn't want to do is become a corporation man. I also think that I was influenced by a film I saw in 1954 called Roman Holiday, with Gregory Peck and Audrey Hepburn. And when Audrey went around in the back of a Vespa motor scooter. So one of the defining moments of my life was seeing that film. I may have thought of that and I thought of the Man in the Gray Flannel Suit and I thought, "Which one would I rather have?" So I opted for Gregory Peck and Audrey Hepburn. Actually, in 1955 those who know me well know that I had this thing about motor scooters and I've owned them since that time. I bought a Lambretta in 1955 in Rome and I went from Rome to Paris, then shipped the Lambretta back. My first time at my A-100 course [introductory course for new Foreign Service*

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*officers], back in those days in a converted and shabby apartment building next to the old State Department, was on that Lambretta. So, as I say, Roman Holiday had various effects on me and also The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit.*

*Q: What about the CIA? This is often sort of the alternative in those days. With a stepfather in the CIA, did this get to you or not?*

HARTLEY: You know, it's a funny question. I don't think I ever even considered the CIA. I don't really know why. I think I had my sights by the time I was really thinking in terms of something beyond college, which was when I was in my junior year. After that exam was when I really set my sights on the Foreign Service and wasn't thinking about anything else.

*Q: Well, you took the exam in '54, wasn't it? You graduated in '55, so what did you do to get yourself ready for the Foreign Service?*

HARTLEY: Well, I guess my senior year was when I took most of the courses I took that were in some way oriented toward the Foreign Service, including the exam. I could see what a broad range of knowledge you needed. I can't really remember what my specific courses were that senior year except for a course in German history. Then I took the Foreign Service Exam a second time. That was after I left Harvard. Maybe it was in the summer of '55. I got a 67. So then I found a cram course that was given in a building on Massachusetts Avenue. I don't even remember the name of the course nor the name of the person who gave it, unfortunately. I have a very bad memory for names. But there were a number of guys in that course. My cousin, Charlie, was there. Peter Lord, I think, and others. I was able, by virtue of that, when I did finally take it for the third time—I got a 75, so I was well over the top. Meantime, I had gotten married, moved to Washington, and we rented an apartment here. I was, at that time—when I passed the exam—which would have been in early '56, still not 22 years old. I was very young and very wet behind the ears. By that time, of course, the exam had changed, too. It was now multiple choice. In fact, it had the multiple choice the second time I took it. I still think an essay exam is

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probably more thorough. I should mention that the draft was breathing down my neck. Joining the Foreign Service and getting married led to a deferral. I feel very fortunate to have escaped involvement in both the Korean War and the Vietnam War.

*Q: You must have taken the oral exam. I would have thought—in a way—I mean just the very fact that you had gone to Eton would have raised some eyebrows when you went in to take it—were you American enough and that sort of thing.*

HARTLEY: Well, that was definitely in their minds, and though I had taken American history courses in Harvard—I took courses by Schlesinger and they were very good—but basically, my background in American history was pretty weak, so they spent a lot of time asking about American history. I had also been coached on American history and all of the things that were my weaknesses while I was doing this cram course. So I was able to blunder my way through it. But one question they asked me was “What did I think about the Washington Senators?” I said—and this may have gotten me through the exam—I said “Their spirit is willing but their flesh is weak.” And that got a big laugh out of the board. Afterwards I sat there and thought, “Oh, God, I've fouled this one up!” Back to the drawing boards, a miserable performance. I felt I hadn't answered very many questions right. Bluffed my way through the whole thing. And then they came and said “Well, Mr. Hartley, after serious consideration we have decided to pass you. However, we strongly suggest that you study current events, American history—they reeled off about five or six things they wanted me to do. But at that point I had passed. That was the important thing as far as I was concerned.

*Q: So you came into the Foreign Service when?*

HARTLEY: I was in the class of August, 1956, the first class of the new category, FS-08s. Previous classes, I think, had started in as 06s, and then they were bounced back to 07s. Something like that. I remember my starting salary was \$4,720 a year and my paycheck was something like \$230 a month.

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*Q: I came in the year before you did. We were all sworn in and our next move was to go to the Credit Union to borrow enough money to survive for the next month. What was your class like, your incoming officer class?*

HARTLEY: They were different from what I expected. I'm not sure what I expected. I expected it to be more Ivy League than it was. I was very insecure, perhaps because I was at 22, so young.

*Q: The majority was probably veterans, too, weren't they?*

HARTLEY: There were a lot of veterans. The average age was about 26 or 27. So I was definitely I think the youngest one and probably the least experienced in many respects. I felt this pretty strongly. We had some guys that—in fact, there was quite a heavy fallout in that class. Maybe one third of them didn't make it past the first 10 years. It was a pretty disparate group. The high flyers were Jack Matlock and Dick Moose. Dick Moose—I would not have thought that he would have ascended to such heights at that time. I remember him as being extremely low key and laid back and of course with his heavy southern accent- and a stutter. Also, Playboy magazine had started publishing about that time and the lectures in the A-100 course were so boring that some of us would fall off and go to sleep. There was one guy from the Department of Labor who was particularly boring, and Moose rather ostentatiously pulled out a copy of Playboy magazine and started to reading it in the middle of the lecture. This guy was droning on about demographic shifts or something. So finally he stops and says, infuriated, “I've heard that the Foreign Service is scraping the bottom of the barrel, but now I know it.” I felt the courses were interminable. I guess the idea was for you to meet your future colleagues and know who they were.

*Q: They had lecturers on everything, and you didn't come away with a great feeling of awe or positive impression of Labor and Commerce and some of the other departments. They sent their worst people.*

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HARTLEY: The people that they could most easily spare. Except for the A-100 course, this was an eventful time. My wife was pregnant and we were waiting to know where we were going. I think that is the most exciting part of it.

*Q: That first one. Well, where did you want to go, and how did it come out?*

HARTLEY: I didn't really know where I wanted to go. I think I had put in for Eastern Europe, though. I had an interest in Eastern Europe. When I was 18, after my freshman year, I went on a tour of Europe. It was organized by one of these international tourist associations that handled U.S. students. These are people I didn't know. And I joined the group in Rotterdam. My cousin was there, too—another cousin of mine. We decided we were bored with this group so we took off. He took off in one direction. I took off in another. I ended up in Salzburg because I've always been fond of music. I had heard of the Salzburg Festival so I thought, "Well, I'll go to Salzburg." I took the train to Salzburg. And then in Salzburg, I thought "Oh, well, why not go to Vienna?" Somebody said you have to go through the Russian zone. So I got my gray card and took the train. Russians came through and I thought that was very exciting—and a little bit terrifying. So I get off at the station in Vienna and I say "Where is Studentheim [youth hostel]" in my almost non-existent German. "It's over there." So I took a cab. I woke up the next morning and found I was in the Russian zone, because I looked across the street into an office window and saw these guys in these Russian uniforms with red epaulets. I said, "My God, where am I?" Absolutely terrified. But I went around Vienna for two or three days and I think that was really what got me interested in Eastern Europe. That's where I really basically wanted to go. I found out later that I was initially paneled for someplace in Africa, which may be why they then for one reason or another slotted me into a three month French language course held in the rat-infested attic of the old Munitions Building. The assignment was changed for Copenhagen, which of course I wasn't unhappy about.

*Q: Great duty.*



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HARTLEY: Having a pregnant wife may have had something to do with it, too. By the time we were ready to leave, which was in March of '57, she was seven months pregnant. So we went to Copenhagen. I remember that as a farewell present my parents gave us tickets to *My Fair Lady* in New York. We went there the night before we left for Copenhagen. I remember the plane we took over, I think a DC-7. It was the only time I was ever in a berth. It was still those days when we went first class and we had sleeping berths. We stayed at the Codan hotel by the harbor. The first impression was bleakness and darkness. Meanwhile, my wife waddled dutifully to make her calls as we were all taught to do, on all senior officers's wives (and they were all senior to us!). Being very pregnant and having to use the streetcars through ice and snow was hardly easy on her, but she persevered and in fact met some good friends as a result. One such was Tim and Ann Titus, he of the CIA. Through Tim we quickly got in with a cadre of Danes whose chief pursuit seemed to be of parties.

*Q: You were there in Copenhagen from '57 to?*

HARTLEY: March '57 to October '58. My first child, Virginia, was born in Copenhagen.

Denmark, you'd have to define as a cushy post. Exactly what it was. The weather was probably the worst part of Denmark. I remember the winters seemed to drag on and on. But when Virginia, my daughter, was born it was May 5th, 1957, which was also the anniversary of the end of the Second World War. In those days women stayed in the hospital for 10 days. It was still early spring and when she came out it was full spring. It was a wonderful time of the year. Looking back on it, we had a lot of good times in Denmark. It was a fun post. It was not by any means full of weighty political problems. For me—I was a vice consul—it was a learning experience. I had to learn what it was like to be an American Foreign Service officer overseas. It is something that is, in itself, a challenge. The job is a challenge insofar as I had to learn about visas, probably one of the easier functions of the consular service. But I hate to admit this, but I actually skipped most of the consular training classes held in DC prior to departure. So I was up the creek,

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but fortunately I had a great old guy called Hugh Teller as my boss. He was a long-time consular officer who had been in Germany at the outset of World War II when we joined in 1941. He was a very good mentor for me.- and we had a highly skilled staff of locals. Did I need them! After a year, the post rotated me into the Commercial Section so I was able to get around quite a bit into the countryside. Livingston (Tony) Satterthwaite came in as DCM [deputy chief of mission] and he kind of took me under his wing. He perished in a helicopter crash in Greenland about two years later. I was Ambassador Val Peterson's escort for various trips through Denmark. That broadened my experiences, too. I spent the last six months in a ludicrously overstaffed economic section churning out reports which were almost all based on newspaper translations with what I hoped was a pithy comment at the end. I guess it was good for my writing skills if they served no other purpose. We met a lot of people of course, socially, and these people were also useful from the job point of view. Really, from the point of view of professional interests, I would have said had I been at a more senior level in the embassy, I would have been marginal.

*Q: What was your impression of the ambassador, was it Val Peterson, while you were there?*

HARTLEY: Yes, Val Peterson had been named ambassador. He was an Eisenhower political appointee, a Republican ex-governor of Nebraska. He was of Swedish ancestry. He spoke a little bit of Swedish, but I guess he had been able to convince them that he spoke the language. So he got in. He was a sort of big, blustery, loud guy. He liked to play tennis. I used to play tennis with or against him from time to time. His wife seemed to be completely out of it as far as I could see. She seemed to be basically a very simple woman. He had quite an interest in the ladies, though I actually never heard of anything. But he was a somewhat bizarre person. He was not very popular with the Danes but then they had become used to our political appointees. He was a Swedish-American and Danes don't particularly like the Swedes. The post was staffed with what I now see as

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people with problems. They were probably sent to Copenhagen because it was a place where people couldn't get into serious trouble.

*Q: I was in the Office of Personnel in the Department at one point and we tended to put our weaker officers in Copenhagen or London. These were places where, I mean, what can they do there? But over a period of time, the accumulation gets to be significant! Well, in '58 you left. What happened?*

HARTLEY: In mid '58, I got a telegram from the State Department saying I had been assigned to the Serbo-Croatian language training. I wasn't actually entirely sure where they spoke the language! But I found out soon enough. But Satterthwaite wanted to keep me in Denmark so he said "No, he should stay here." So then I got another telegram about three weeks later saying that "Well, if Hartley isn't going to Serbo-Croatian language training, we're sending him by direct transfer back to Salzburg." And I was to be working with Hungarian refugees. Nursing a serious hangover from a surfeit of aquavit-flowing farewell parties, I drove down to Salzburg. My family flew in after I had gotten there. I remember that the consul there was a guy named John Reager. John Reager was one of Scott McLeod's henchmen during the McCarthy era. His prize was principal officer in Salzburg. This was in late 1958. He had been there for a couple of years. My office was just out of town at a refugee holding camp, prefabs they were. I remember going to his office. The old consulate was in the old town right by the Winkler elevator, if you know Salzburg at all. Rieger was sitting there and he said "Well, Hartley, who are you? I don't know why you were sent down here. I've got no openings for you. The only opening I have is as a communications clerk." Of course, I wasn't too happy about that. But it turned out—I don't know whether he was being serious or whether he was just kidding me—he was probably just kidding me. But I ended up actually working in a special section called The Three Thousand program, in which we were working at one of the holding camps just outside of Salzburg. I worked with Roy Apel and Jim Mattson and the three of us were initially under the command of an old-line consular type called Kasimir (Casey) Zawadski. He had been around for a long time—a kind of eccentric old guy. He gave us

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no direction at all, so we were basically just three young FSO-8s running the section. In October 1956, during the Hungarian Revolution, there was a special program to waive all the requirements for visas for Hungarians refugees, so thousands of people came into the States. But later-arriving refugees stayed on in the camps in Austria. There were a lot of problems with these families. They were in camps, they had trouble getting jobs—there was a lot of TB, petty crime. They became a real problem for us, and above all, for the Austrians. This was recognized by the Congress, which authorized 3,000 visas for Hungarian families. We were in charge of processing the visas. These people would come to us from the camps. They would be held over in our camp for final processing. We worked with the refugee agencies - HIAS [International Rescue Agency], IRC [International Rescue Committee], Lutheran World Federation, and National Catholic Welfare, which is now called the Catholic Relief Organization. Zawadski fortunately left after a few months after having given us appalling efficiency reports. I remember he said that in those days the report form had six blanks on it, from zero to six, the latter being, of course, totally impossible. I remember him coming to me and saying, “Hartley, You've got two choices here. We can either give you a three plus or a four minus, take your pick!”

On Christmas Eve, we moved into a broken down little 12th century little castle on the Munchburg above the old town of Salzburg. It was accessible by an elevator which surfaced on the other end of the hill, or by car, along a narrow and precipitous road which passed in front of the huge castle which dominates Salzburg. The view and atmosphere were spectacular, the amenities somewhat less so. Though it was Christmas Eve, there was no central heating and just enough coal for the ceramic stoves to last us through until the holidays were over. Then we had failed to take into account the famous Salzburger schneuelrein, or rope rain which poured into our bedroom via a roof which probably was put together in medieval times! The garden was full of stinging nettles; but the view across to Berchtesgarden was quite spectacular and once settled in we were as happy as could be, although among the better grounded members of the consulate this simply reinforced their conceptions that we were oddities. Through all this, our little daughter

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Virginia prospered. She, aged barely two, and I used to march down the hill to the markets in Salzburg. Meanwhile, I had been promoted tFSO 7 and ended up in charge of the refugee visa section.

I was in Salzburg for about nine months. In the meantime, I had been reassigned to Serbo-Croatian language training, so that when my tour in Salzburg was up—which was in July of 1959—a short tour, I went back to the State Department. My mother had found us a little house in Georgetown (on 32nd St.) to rent.

*Q: Let's go back to dealing with the refugees. What was your impression of the type of refugees you were dealing with and some of the problems?*

HARTLEY: Well, the principal problem, I would say, that all these refugees had been subject to was that they had all been in Austria for a couple of years. They escape October 1956 and failed to make the first chop, or they escaped later - but they had all been hanging around for a year or two with marginal - if any - employment, in old camps (kaserne) many dating from World War I. The investigative files contained pages and pages of unevaluated information - scuttlebutt, hearsay, and rumors—everything put together. We would get a file and would have to go through the file before we interviewed the people and this was after some files had already been reviewed by the investigations staff . The worst part was trying to figure out what was fact and what wasn't, because most of them had derogatory information and some of them had lots. And bad stuff, like this guy had been a member of the secret police. He was a spy and informer in the camp and blah, blah, blah. So we really had to interview these people and, since none of us spoke a word of Hungarian, we had to interview through an interpreter. The interpreter himself was a very courtly old Hungarian gentleman, Mr. Gursky, but he was in an excellent position to put words into people's mouths and to influence our decisions. So I felt extreme uncertainty about the wisdom of some of our decisions. And with all this plethora of information on which, when it boiled right down to it, you had to make a judgement about whether you thought it was lies or not. The other problem was the problem of TB. The

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INS [Immigration and Naturalization Service] enforced strict rules governing the entrance of people with TB. In certain cases ,you would have a family with six or seven children, and one of the children might have an incidence of calcification or whatever it was. One of the children might have to stay in Austria, and the family would then leave. The child would stay for examination and if it cleared up the child would be free to come and join the family. So it was a fairly emotional time. Being in the camp and being young, there was no question but that one felt considerable sympathy for a lot of these people, though, having said that, I believe we were as fair and objective as we could be. We had an interesting staff. My chief local employee was a princess of the famous old Austro-Hungarian family of Windischgraetz. Her uncle had been foreign minister of the Austro-Hungarian Empire before World War I. I remember towards the end we started getting some Yugoslavs in. We started handling people who claimed refugee status. We got a few Yugoslavs coming in and they were mostly from Slovenia and they basically crossed the mountains in order to help with the apple harvest at Klagenfurt, in a largely Slovenian part of Austria called Carinthia. I was talking about these Slovenians to “Putzi”(the princess) and she said something like “Slovenia, eh? My uncle Fritzie used to own it.” Wonderful! He owned the entire country! Actually, that probably was true, since her name, as I realized later, means, in German, Wendish borders, Wends being a German word for Slavs and, in fact, part of Austria, Slovenia.

*Q: Where were the Hungarians going for the most part? Was there any pattern?*

HARTLEY: There were quite a number who went to the West Coast, also to pockets in New Jersey. And Pennsylvania. I think it was mostly to the East Coast or West Coast. That's really all I can remember. There was also a Hungarian gypsy family. Can I digress for a moment? This is kind of a funny story. Deborah, my ex-wife, and I were in Vienna in February of 1959, and we went to the Volksopera. Afterwards on the way back it was a terrible sleety-windy night. We passed this restaurant called Pataki. We went into the restaurant as much anything to escape the weather. It turned out to be a Hungarian restaurant. There was a player of the Hungarian instrument—like a zither, more or less.

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There was bass and this fantastic violinist. We stayed until everybody had left. We were there all by ourselves. Well, two mornings later we got on the train to go back to Salzburg and there was this group, the same group we had seen in Pataki's restaurant. Not only that, when I got into my office Monday morning, there they were. They had all come to Salzburg in order to get their visas to go to the United States. As a result, the violinist got a job in the local nightclub in Salzburg. We would go there quite often and he would play the violin. And the day came when I was able to tell them that their visa had arrived. He said, "Come to the club. I will play for you." He played half the night for us. He said, "I and my friend, the bass violinist, want to do a special favor for you." It turned out that all the agencies and ourselves were going to have a series of parties. This was in May. I said, "Well, you know, you can play for us at the parties." I still don't know how I managed to do this, but I was able to squeeze them all in the back of my car, and we took off to one party after another. I came with my own private gypsy band. I was very popular. The violinist, Ellemer, went on to become quite well known; years later I tried to look him up and learned that he performed at hotels in the Saratoga area. That, again, was a short tour—only nine months—but we managed to meet and get to know quite an assortment people in Salzburg, many of whom were like the Windischgraetz and the Czernins, the Weikserheims and others - the old vestiges of the ruling families of the Empire. Because of our associations and our curious habitat, referred to above, we were, I think, frowned upon by other members of the consulate who probably, in retrospect, thought we were snobbish and spoile- and I can't say I blame them! This wasn't helped when my again pregnant wife fainted at a party hosted by the Reagers, who probably thought she has taken one too many- which, I hasten to add, was not the case!

*Q: Did the Cold War intrude other than - of course you were dealing with the residue of the cold war from Hungary? Was there much of a feeling about the Soviet menace in Austria? Or had that pretty well receded?*

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HARTLEY: I think that had pretty well receded. After 1955, and the peace treaty - I don't think there was any fear of Russians going in there at that time. Also, Salzburg was in the U.S. occupation zone so they felt less exposed than people did, say, in Linz.

*Q: You took Serbian from '58 to '59?*

HARTLEY: From '59 to '60. I joined the September '59 class. We moved back to Washington. We had Alexandra (Sandra) in November of '59 while I was in language training.

*Q: Having been in Austria, had you done any sort of reading, preparation before going to Yugoslavia? Did you have any feel for where you were going?*

HARTLEY: Yes, I started to do quite a lot of reading. I can't remember specifically what.

*Q: Black Lamb and Gray Falcon?*

HARTLEY: No, I never read that until a couple of years ago. I delved into it but I never actually—

*Q: My wife and I read it and that sent us on our way to Yugoslavia.*

HARTLEY: No, I didn't. That would have been very good background.

*Q: Still is!*

HARTLEY: Even more so now. I did some general background reading. I found the course taxing. Did you have Yankovich or Popovich (the two Yugoslav Serbo-Croatian instructors)?

*Q: Popovich most of the time, til we had a revolt. Could you explain who the two instructors were?*



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HARTLEY: Both of these guys, Popovich and Yankovich, were Serbian exiles and they were in character completely different. Popovich was a sort of—how would you describe him? Blustering, very typical Serb actually in many respects. He was a very pleasant guy. I don't know what he was like as a teacher because I never had him. Yankovich was completely the reverse—a very thoughtful, studious, methodical, very slow guy. He was a good teacher, but he had a terrible monotone and after six hours of daily Serbo-Croatian it was hard to stay awake. I will never forget him always saying, “You see—You know.” Just about every sentence had “You see—You know” at the end.

*Q: And this went on and on. I had half of one and half of the other. They were brothers-in-law from Sabac in Eastern Serbia.*

The FS training facility nowadays is very grand, very user-friendly, but where you and I were in 1958 or '59 and '60, it was a converted garage in a building in Arlington, Virginia. Sometimes the fumes from the garage got caught in the air conditioning system, and we would get these horrible fumes. That, plus Yankovich, was enough to put you to sleep. I suspect our learning curve toward the end of the day was pretty low.

*Q: We finally had a revolt led by Larry Eagleburger because Yankovich would take his group and Popovich would take his group, and they wouldn't change. We finally revolted. We went up to the head language man and they switched halfway through, which annoyed the hell out of our Serb teachers.*

HARTLEY: That was the right way to do it.

*Q: Were you picking up anything about Serb culture? When I say Serb, I really mean Serbo-Croatian.*

HARTLEY: I remember making contact with a member of the Yugoslav embassy, a guy called Dusan Strbac. We invited him and another guy over from the embassy and they came and had dinner with us. I played tennis with him and got to know him reasonably

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well. We had long talks with him about the situation. Of course, he was a pretty fervent communist. But they always had a different and interesting point of view on the Soviet Union. I found that the Yugoslav approach to the Soviet Union was interesting. I guess I tried to read some of the magazines. There was a pictorial dictionary of Yugoslavia that was produced. I had that for years and it got lost in one of the moves. Looking back on it, I think I got that when I got to Belgrade the first time. What with the language, there is fairly limited time for extensive research outside of the language, I found. Also, we had two young children.

*Q: You were assigned where, from when to when?*

HARTLEY: I was assigned to Belgrade as vice consul and I came there in July, 1960 with our 8 month old and a 4 year old. I stayed on until 1962. First of all, I spent a year in the consular section and then George Kennan came as ambassador in 1961. He was there for a year. Karl Rankin had been the ambassador when I came in. He was preparing to retire. I don't really have many memories of him. I was in the consular section and didn't see much of him. But about the time that Kennan came in, I was once again rotated out of the consular section and put in charge of the Joint Translation Service, the JTS.

*Q: Could you describe the situation in Yugoslavia when you got there? Or talk about it.*

HARTLEY: Well, in 1960 Belgrade was still very austere. Though they had disassociated themselves from the Soviet Union years before and they were receiving military and other aid from the United States for some years, basically the whole atmosphere was pretty austere. We got there in July and we were put in the Excelsior Hotel and were able to get out of that in a couple of weeks. I found a temporary apartment, which was difficult and had problems with heat, plumbing, and the whole bit—bedbugs, which chewed up on our baby in a big way. We stayed there for three months or so. The embassy had a housing policy, which meant that a lot of people have to wait for months and months to get housing. I ultimately worked through the Yugoslav protocol section to come up with

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a downtown old apartment which had been the Syrian embassy. Our embassy was a bit upset because I was meant to sit and do diddlysquat while they found me something, but I stuck to my guns and we moved in after about 4 months. The apartment was owned by an elderly lady, Madame Rakic, whose husband was one of Serbia's foremost poets and had been a diplomat in the old regime. Belgrade itself was fairly grim though I always found the city fascinating and loved where we were living as it was in the old section next to the one mosque left in Belgrade. The shops had little to offer, and as winter came on, there was very little in the way of variety in vegetables. Though there were no shortages, per se, the choices were very limited. They had very limited hard currency reserves. They had barter agreements with various people like with Israel. All of a sudden, you would find thousands of oranges.

*Q: And lemons, oh, yes.*

HARTLEY: Of course, these were all bought up within about a week and that was the last you saw of an orange. I guess the highlight politically was the conference of the non-aligned countries that Tito had been in the process of bringing together (the leaders of a very disparate group of countries) with the idea of becoming the leader of those countries which were not aligned with either the United States or the Soviet Bloc - though taking money from both. They came together for a meeting in Belgrade in September of 1961. This was a very colorful meeting, colorful because of the cast of characters. Castro was firmly in control of Cuba, so you had people dressed in battle fatigues from the new Castro regime in Cuba, and you had Africans in flowing robes from Ghana and Guinea and places like that. You had Sukarno of Indonesia, who harnessed the entire Indonesian embassy - all the wives, who became his servants while he was there. He had a whole floor of the Metropol Hotel, which was also known in certain circles as the biggest Socialist whore house in Europe. But Sukarno, as I say, had the Indonesian embassy at his beck and call. I remember that he was going to the United States to address the UN, and late in

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the evening—I was still in the consular section at that time—the Indonesian embassy delivered three passports for A (diplomatic) visas.

*Q: These would be diplomatic visas going to the United States?*

HARTLEY: Going to the United States. Yes, and then two others. The problem was that the two others were two local young ladies of the Metropole hotel whom the Indonesian president had taken a fancy to. All I remember was that we did issue the visas for Sukarno and one other, but we did not issue the visas for the young ladies; they were withdrawn without incident. But my job during that time was to try and get the documents that were being drawn up and distributed to the public at the press center. So I would go running off—by the way, I had a Vespa motor scooter. I had the same license plate as the ambassador, which was 60A or whatever it was on my motor scooter. Sometimes as I whirled by I would see policemen saluting me, so I could scoot up to the press center and get the press stuff and get back to the embassy. The other event was the so-called Lumumba riots when our man Tshombe overthrew the Patrice Lumumba government in the Congo, which was supported by the Bloc and also Yugoslavia. A crowd attacked USIS [United States Information Service] and marched on the embassy but were stopped, so they turned on the Belgian embassy and I watched in the crowd as the Belgians were all herded to the roof as the crowd broke windows and made a lot of noise. On the whole, I would say these two years were placid in political terms but we lived intensively and there were certainly plenty of plenty of personal challenges - like having an apartment with just 10 amps of electricity, having to constantly change the fuses in an outdoor fuse box, often in the pouring rain, having the heating stove next to the dining room so when the winds blew black smoke from the low-quality brown coal would billow forth into the dining room, disrupting many a diplomatic dinner, about our Hungarian cook chasing the Macedonian Muslim driver around the kitchen with a bread knife, about the impoverished lanky Shiptari (Albanians) waiting by the markets with their carts to carry groceries; about our Bosnian Muslim furnace stoker who would regale us with tales of the good old days under Austrian occupation. Later on, I became a member of the political section, and I was in charge of

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the Weeka, a political wrap-up of key events over a two week period, usually given to the junior man in the political section.

*Q: Well, if I recall—I wasn't there at the time—but there was kind of a dust-up that during this non-aligned time, the Soviets had a hydrogen bomb test or something. They had all been protesting the American bomb tests but all of a sudden this bomb test was somehow not of the same category. It was actually bigger, but Tito and others did not condemn it. Do you recall that?*

HARTLEY: Yes. That's right. The Russians chose the eve of the non-aligned conference to stage an atom bomb test. The passive Yugoslav reaction caused some heartburn, and I believe it led to a near cutoff in MFN [most favored nation] treatment.

*Q: To whom were you giving visas. What was the visa load like from your perspective?*

HARTLEY: It was a moderate visa load. It was not a heavy load, but it was fairly consistent. There were a fair number of refusals. There was a problem with the 212 (d) (3), the waiver problem. These were the members of the communist party. The question was getting a waiver that would enable them to visit the United States. Sometimes the 212 (d)(3)s took too long. Of course most of the people who were of some significance in Yugoslavia at that time were members or assumed to be members of the communist party, rightly or wrongly. That was a major problem. As regards regular visitor's visas, there were a lot of people who simply could not establish their eligibility. I also did citizenship and welfare work and protection while I was there but there wasn't much of that.

*Q: Any problems there?*

HARTLEY: Nothing really. We had a couple of deaths of U.S. citizens. One young man who had wrapped his Citroen around a tree and it was the first time I had had to deal with that kind of problem, dealing with personal effects, communication with the parents, and that sort of thing. We had one guy, an American, who was thrown into jail. He had gone in

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with his drinking buddies and started making insulting remarks about Tito. He was arrested and thrown into a jail in Kragujevac a town south of Belgrade where they used to build the Zastava cars, the predecessor of the ill-fated Yugo, and later producer of armored vehicles for the Serbs during the 1991-95 wars. He was being treated reasonably well. And was, in fact, let out after a few months. I visited him in the Kragujevac jail, which didn't strike me as being nearly as bad as I had anticipated.

Returning to the political section, I was placed in charge of the Joint Translation Service whose origins were described by Lawrence Durrell in his hilarious collection of short stories called *Sauve qui peut*, all about his experiences as UK press attach# in Belgrade in the early 1950s. One of the short stories concerned a couple of eccentric English ladies that started a newspaper of some sort and I believe he was referring to what probably later became the JTS. It was at a time when we felt we should be informing - and keeping advised - all of our allies. So we were spending a lot of money and time to translate from Serbian - translations of the local press, local magazine articles and what have you. This was funded jointly by the Americans and the British, though we took a larger part of this. At the height we had about eight translators. This was my first glimpse of a reality of Yugoslavia, which is that it's very difficult for these various nationalities, ages, sexes, to work together. We were having to deal with two of the translators who hadn't spoken to each other for 10 years even though they were in the same offices. This person hated that person because that person's grandfather had been a Muslim. So you got into a microcosm. All of a sudden you weren't really in an American outfit. You were supervising a group of Yugoslavs, and that was an interesting experience. You were of course also responsible for getting out this JTS, which sometimes could be as much as 70 pages. So you get up early in the morning, you go over there, and all these people would be churning out these translations. You also have to select what was to be translated. I then would go off to the political section, give the political briefings based on what I had seen in the newspaper. Sometimes the translations were not very good, and this was not necessarily the fault of our translators. A couple of them were pretty weak, I'll have to say

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that. Because the journalists themselves wrote such poor Serbo-Croatian and there was such an overlay of Marxist jargon, it was difficult to make sense of some of these articles. Occasionally someone would request an article that I felt was meaningless, but I would have to put it in because it was requested. One day I was slaving away at the JTS, which was an annex of the embassy and I was told that the ambassador wanted to see me. I thought "Uh, Oh. George Kennan. This is probably not good." So I went up the elevator to the executive floor, which was the third or fourth floor. The political officer was a guy called Alex Johnpoll. He was very nervous. I think, looking back on it, he was nervous because he was intimidated by George Kennan, probably not an easy task for him, nor for anybody for that matter. I'll never forget going into the ambassador's office, which I rarely entered as a junior officer. We had no DCM at that point, but in any event there was Kennan pacing around the floor. I saw a copy of my JTS with all these green and red lines all up and down. I thought "Oh, my God." Johnpoll was highly nervous and Kennan said "Hartley, Will you please tell me what this means?" And it was one of those meaningless articles in which our translator had failed to come to any conclusion of its meaning and had basically tried to make it literal. So I had to try to explain to the great Kennan what it meant, which was very little. I survived and JTS turned out to be a good experience for me. I learned a lot about the way Yugoslavs interact with each other. I also learned the language and how to read Cyrillic better than most of my colleagues. I also learned how to write Cyrillic script, which I did sort of off my own bat, also, knowing what was going on; I had to review everything, I was reading everything. But again, I wasn't really centered into the Big Picture. I was spending most of my time looking at the daily press, doing my job.

*Q: Did you get to make any field trips?*

HARTLEY: Yes, I did. Goodie Cook and Jim Kimball? Kimball was vice consul in Sarajevo. Goodie had taken my place in the consular section when I went into the JTS, and was chaffing at the bit there. You know him. Dynamic, ambitious.

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*Q: Yes. When I arrived in '62, he was number two in there and wanted to get out very badly.*

HARTLEY: He had been sent in there and it allowed me to go to JTS. So anyway the three of us set out in a jeep through South Serbia, the Ibar River Valley, then Pristina, capital of Kosovo, to Prizren and then went up around the border of Albania and into the Sandzak and then down into Montenegro, ending up on the Montenegrin coast. And then back to Belgrade. I wrote a pretty long report about the trip, which I've never read since. I presume it's somewhere in the Archives. I don't think it had anything particularly memorable in it, but it was an interesting trip.

*Q: Did you gain any impressions about Yugoslavia from the trip?*

HARTLEY: I did gain impressions of the diversity of the country because you go from the Kosovo and Pristina, which someone described as being like a town in central Anatolia - a dirty, very primitive place. And then we went from there through these excruciating roads. The roads were largely unpaved in Yugoslavia in those days. They did an incredible amount from then until the time I returned in 1972 in terms of repaving and building infrastructure. Pretty primitive. You'd go to hotels and there would be no running water and sanitation conditions were terrible. We would interview the heads of the opstina (town councils). These were usually not very illuminating talks. They were for the record. And I usually conducted these because I was a member of the political section and I think my Serbian was better, too. We hit Titograd, now Podgorica, capital of Montenegro and onto Cetinje on the Adriatic coast, a pretty little fishing village near the Albanian border. I had made an idle boast the night before at the restaurant. "You guys may have good fish, but you don't have good lobster." They said, "Oh, yeah?" The next morning about six o'clock or seven o'clock, we were wakened by this little boy who came up to the hotel room and said, "Your breakfast is served." So we took ourselves to the same place, down on the water and there was an enormous meal.



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When Serbs, or for that matter any Yugoslav, asks you for a meal and to drink, they have no bounds for when they start drinking. It can be any time from seven o'clock in the morning on. So we had to drink about a bottle of wine each. And this was before the interview scheduled for 8 am. I remember we kind of staggered up the hill, found his office, and my language had become confused at best. When he was finally responding to one of my questions, I fell asleep and had to be woken up. It did not make a tremendously good impression, I think, looking back on it. We had a lot of fun and approached it with a spirit of adventure. It was great to get away from Belgrade. In any event, I produced a report which seemed welcome. I think it was seven or eight days we were on the road.

*Q: Can you kind of explain the atmosphere at the approach of your junior Yugoslav hand at this point? And this became important later on by senior Yugoslav hands at the breakup. Were you developing an attitude toward Yugoslavia at that time, do you think—you and your colleagues?*

HARTLEY: The first time, I don't think anybody questioned the fact that Yugoslavia was an entity and that Tito had succeeded in welding together this entity. We accepted the fact that there were different areas in very widely differing degrees of advancement in terms of economic infrastructure and what have you. We looked upon it as basically like Italy, with the big imbalance between north and south. It was one of the reasons eventually for the breakup obviously, because the north and western republics of Croatia and Slovenia for the most part resented the fact that they felt they supported the less developed republics for which they felt no area of common interest. But these were pretty academic considerations as far as I remember. There was no active resistance, nor even criticism; even not in the occasional article from Slovenia or from the Croatian Vjesnik, which we did translate. We were after all in Belgrade and embassies tend to take on the profile of the area they live in, like trying to analyze the U.S. from Washington. Most of us liked the Serbs. I remember after two years of Athens—I'll probably come back to this—but

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coming back to Belgrade by direct transfer and feeling like I was on the way back home. The Serbians I felt more at home with than I ever did with the Greeks.

*Q: I think this is true. I felt the same.*

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Today is the February 4, 1998. 1962, whither?

HARTLEY: I went from Belgrade to Washington, to my first real assignment in the State Department. First of all, my wife was again pregnant for the third time, so she left the post six or seven months pregnant and we had our third child, Charlotte, in September. We were on home leave up at my then-wife's house outside of Boston. We had Charlotte there. And then we found a place out in Elliot Road in Westmoreland Circle and moved there. I started work with E/MDC. E/MDC was part of the Bureau of Economic Affairs, Mutual Defense Control. It handled and coordinated with the U.S. mission to COCOM (the Coordinating Committee) in Paris, the committee which enforced the international regulations and laws governing shipments of strategic goods to the Bloc, what was then called the Bloc.

*Q: You did this from '62 'til when?*

HARTLEY: 1964. I was working on specific export licensing issues largely with the Commerce Department and with their Investigative Division, who would track possible violations of export control regulations. It was my first experience dealing with career government bureaucrats and also with the cops manqué in the Investigations Staff. My boss was Ollie Anderson, who had been there a long time. I was kind of his assistant in the some group called Working Group Two, though I never actually quite figured out what Working Group Two did except to meet twice a week. It was chaired by Ollie Anderson. I felt that chairing this group was his one job. And the thing I learned from Ollie Anderson was that he was a very slow person, a slow-moving guy. He really took the maximum

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time available to fulfill the task, but as soon as he left the office, he would all of a sudden accelerate, go down the halls at great speed. Then he would go back to his office and put up his feet and basically, as far as I could see, do very little of anything. I learned from Ollie that a basic rule of the bureaucracy was to always look in a hurry, even if you aren't. My first nine months or so, until the Cuban Missile Crisis, which was in November, '62 as I recall, was pretty dull. I felt frustrated. I was spoiled, looking back on it. Now I had an inside office, which I didn't like at all. There were no windows to look out of. And I had the usual reaction to the State Department after having had been in the field. It seemed like a huge bureaucracy, very impersonal, and a boring job, nothing that you particularly want. However, after the Missile Crisis, I was in my office one day and I was told by the front office—a guy called Bob Wright, who was the head of it—that there were a couple of guys that I should talk to. They wanted my assistance. It turned out these two guys were from the Agency [CIA] and they needed us to act as their sort of State Department liaison for what they called a particular denial program. A denial program had as its aim: the denial of specific strategic items to Cuba.

In the meantime, the Office for Cuban Affairs, I guess it was initially, was formed, and this was the people who were really the point men for everything to do with Cuba. So I, all of a sudden, found myself the State Department man for a particular denial operation - to deny to Cuba a certain type of oil additive. This idea, I gathered, was the brainchild of General Lansdale. Lansdale or somebody in his staff had determined that it would be possible to corner world supplies of the additive, at certain world ports such as Rotterdam or Antwerp and curtail supplies, you would cripple their economy. The entire scheme seemed cockeyed to me and still does. I figured the Cubans could recycle old oil, since their machines were probably ancient anyway. It became more so when an analyst from CIA told me that the Russians produced that additive. However, mine not to reason why. We were to use our network of economic defense officers throughout the world to chivvy governments into cooperating, so I was sending around circular telegrams to posts urging the post to go to the host governments and have them cooperate in our denial program.

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This effort burgeoned and there was a lot of political heat. Bobby Kennedy was very much involved in this program along with all of the Cuban economic embargo programs. It eventually hit and we went beyond the additive and into other areas like British Leyland buses - in other words, spreading the net. It became a fairly hot, though not public, issue between ourselves and various of our allied governments. In the meantime, through various contacts with the intelligence analysts in CIA, I learned that there were obviously some extreme misgivings about this denial program. They felt that nobody had actually established that you would 1) be able to deny this stuff to the Cubans and 2) if you did, if it couldn't be substituted for by the Russians.

*Q: Just on the face of it, if it was such a crucial item and we sat on all of it, why weren't we keeping it from the Soviets?*

HARTLEY: We couldn't keep it from the Soviets because as I mentioned, the Soviets were actually refining something that was a substitute for the additive. The analysts within the Agency knew this but evidently there was no communication between them and Operations. Through contacts on both sides, I eventually was able to organize a meeting to bring together in the State Department the two opposing sides of the CIA. To my surprise, Desmond Fitzgerald, who was the head of the Plans and Operations a.k.a. Dirty Tricks, attended. It was a long and productive meeting, because it led to a clarification from Richard Helms, and a determination to continue the additive program as a part of the general economic denial. But it was definitely, I think, given second place and it no longer had the political push that it had before. It was interesting, it got me involved beyond own my day to day operations. I was also occasionally a representative in what was called the Operating Committee, an inter-departmental committee which determined whether to deny or grant U.S. licenses to strategic commodities. So you had a lot of discussion between Defense, Treasury, Commerce, CIA and ourselves, mostly.

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*Q: I'm told that in this sort of thing you found Defense saying "Anything was crucial and shouldn't be allowed out;" Commerce saying "As long as we get some money," and State having to be in between.*

HARTLEY: That's right. We tended to come out on the side of Commerce most of the time. That was partly because there were some utter fanatics in this business. There was a guy named Stan Summerfield, from the Treasury Department, who was a fanatic Cold warrior. There was the issue of importing a panda from China into the United States. He would argue that was a violation of Treasury Assets Control regulations. I think we finally had to establish that the panda's habitat was not part of China; it was somewhere else - maybe Mongolia. He got after some dolls that were being imported from Hong Kong because he said the petticoats were being manufactured in China, this sort of ridiculous thing. In April, by the way, we had our fourth child and first son, Richard.

In the meantime, in early 1964, I had started looking around because I was due out again after two years. I was looking around for what I could find. I wrote a letter to Earl T. Crain, consul general in Milan, who had inspected us in Copenhagen.

*Q: Oh, yes. He was an inspector for a long time. He inspected me, and then settled in Paris, didn't he?*

HARTLEY: Italy. Earl T. Crain was a well-known curmudgeon in the Foreign Service.

*Q: He pinched wives, too.*

HARTLEY: That was when his Swiss wife wasn't along.

*Q: He came to Saudi Arabia. My wife was unpinched, but one of our guests was, a Dutch lady.*

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HARTLEY: Actually, I hadn't realized that about Earl T. Crain! I thought of him more of a curmudgeon than a lecher. Anyway, I wrote him a letter and was ultimately paneled and departed for post in November 1964. My wife and, by then, four children, followed me in February of 1965. I expected to do EDO [economic defense] work in Milan, which was a big East-West trading center, but was placed in the consular section, much to my chagrin!

*Q: So from late '64 to when were you in Milan?*

HARTLEY: I was in Milan from late '64 to October, 1967. So I was there for about three years. I'll never forget—first of all—when I came there, I was met at the airport by Al Hardy; it was he who told me that I wasn't going to be going in the economic section, but I was going to replace him in the consular section. So I said, “Okay.” He also said, “You are expected to attend today's staff meetings” the day I had arrived. When I met Crain, the first thing he said was - “Where is your black tie?” “My black tie, Mr. Crain?” He said, “Yes. Didn't you know? Herbert Hoover died.” What a way to start a post! Crain was difficult to work for. I have to say that. He was the most picayune guy I've ever seen. You would come into your office and there were little signs festooned everywhere. They said “See me. ETC [Earl T. Crain].” There would be a picture out of alignment and he would say, “Crooked frame. See me. ETC). Or a typewriter that was uncovered: “See me. ETC.” There was always a line of people who had transgressed in front of his office for him to deliver justice to. Anyway, I was in the consular section for six months and then I was transferred to the commercial section.

*Q: Let's start with the consular section first. What sort of work were you doing?*

HARTLEY: I was doing basically everything: citizenship, welfare, protection. It was not a very large consular section. It was presided over by Charlie Selak; Charlie was a lovely guy, but was wholly uninterested in consular work and, like many people on post, he was terrorized by Crain!

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*Q: There wasn't much immigration or movement. It was mostly not from that part of Italy.*

HARTLEY: We didn't as I recall issue immigrant visas. But we had a fair amount of welfare, protection, citizen services and non-immigrant visas. I remember having to arrange to air-ambulance a guy out from a skiing area near Bolzano in the Italian Dolomites. Of course, that was part of our consular district. Our consular district consisted of basically all of northern Italy including the Alto Adige and Venice. We also had two military bases at that time: in Vicenza and Verona near Aviano. Since I was called on to perform various consular services for the military, it was a great opportunity to get out of town every few weeks - but somebody had to do it.

*Q: What was the situation in Italy at this particular time?*

HARTLEY: Italy was in a stage of rapid evolution economically, especially northern Italy. There were no signs yet of the schisms between north and south - which emerged 20 years later. Milan is the engine that drives Italy, just as Sao Paulo is the engine driving Brazil. Milan is really a central European town and its people, though definitely Italian, have Swiss traits, something like the Burgundians. Politically, the Christian Democrats were firmly in the saddle, either that or the so-called centro-sinistra coalition with elements of the PCD, the Socialists, and a few other small groupings, governments featuring the likes of Giulio Andreotti, later tried and convicted for his mafia involvements. I remembered him as a particularly tiresome and long-winded speaker even by local standards. The Christian Democrats were firmly in the saddle at that time. It was the coalition between center parties, Christian parties, and the Socialists. This was before the rise of the revolutionary left-wing movements and the murder and kidnaping of Aldo Moro. Milan was peaceful; energies were absorbed by the economic explosion. The communists still dominated the principal labor union CGIL and we of course backed the CISL, the Christian-Democratic Union.

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As an economic-commercial officer, a lot of what I had to do was connected with the Milan Trade Center. Milan was one of the areas where we had a trade center, the U.S. Trade Center which was connected in the Milan International Fair area. This was a pretty good organization run by a guy named Marty Stahl, a hustling, bustling little New Yorker who made things happen. Earl Crain was intensely suspicious of Martie who was one of the few there who refused to be intimidated by him. Although I worked in the consulate, I would prepare market surveys for the Trade Center which I did these with a local employee by the name of Gianni Scandelli. Gianni was not only a known alpinist, but he has since become a world class bicyclist. He has bicycled through the Himalayas, has bicycled all around Australia, across the United States, all through South America. He was an amazing fellow. These surveys took us into many a smaller factory in and around Milan, to see what the competition did and what they might need, and to find out if U.S. goods and equipment might be competitive in the particular market. I remember bookbinding equipment, frozen food equipment, printing equipment. The Italian products were cheap and good. This was a time when we were really feeling the competitive pinch, and when U.S. industry on the whole was just beginning to appreciate the competitive forces stacked up against them and everything that was needed. We, of course, did the surveys on our time, which cut out contractual fees and this saved money, plus we cut of the BS [bullshit] and focused on the essentials. Sometimes I did get involved in some political activities or did some special stuff for Crain who for some reason seemed to like me - perhaps, as Stu observed, it was that he liked Deborah, my wife! The deputy principle officer was Chuck Johnson, who is still here with us in the State Department. He later became consul general in Milan. That was in the '80s. Then he retired and works in historical review in the State Department. Crain was a guy who would eat you right up if you weren't careful. So, it tended to make for a nervous deputy principle officer, but Chuck in a low-keyed way, stood his ground.

*Q: What were relations with the embassy, or was that much of a concern of yours?*



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HARTLEY: It wasn't really much of a concern of mine, because most of my reporting was done for the trade center. I did once, I remember, write an economic report. It was returned, probably rightly, with all sorts of comments by the economic officer in the embassy. I don't really fault them. I fault myself for not knowing how to really prepare a report and for the consulate in letting it go forward directly without clearance from the embassy. It was my first experience of strain between consulates and embassies when it comes to reporting and this was later to emerge in Brazil. We weren't really bothered much by the embassy. The ambassador at that time was Frederick Reinhardt, a distinguished career FSO, who came to visit us only once, as I recall. We would set up meetings and attend cocktail parties and the regular things.

*Q: When you're doing commercial reports and all, was the economy that you were dealing with in the Milan district a fairly straightforward one? I refer back to my Naples time when you had— most of the economy was unregistered, unofficial, but it was thriving in a way. But I was wondering if that was a southern manifestation.*

HARTLEY: I think there was certainly some parallel economy going on in Milan, too, but for the most part it was very much a western European city. You had tremendous growth of small industries in the valley of the River Po which is of course now one of the mainstays of the Italian economy. These small factories have transformed the once-beautiful plains of Lombardy sprinkled with grand old towns like Cremona into a string of little factories which were largely responsible for the economic development. These were just getting started. But there was a tremendous industrial base in Milan. It was growing like crazy. They were very competitive, so as I mentioned earlier, trying to hawk U.S. goods at that time was difficult and those fledgling US international banks who came to Europe more often than not fell on their backsides. The Italians of course, liked to copy everything they could and they are brilliant copiers! But no, it was a pretty sophisticated place. The one big problem as far as the living went there - oh, we had a good American school there, American community school - was smog. We had a horrible smog problem in

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Milan. The weather builds up against the Alps. You are at the end of the Alps, the end of the Po Valley. You have the river and you have the mountains. This creates an inversion. The fog comes up, right above Milan, and mixes with all the industrial smoke at a time when there was little heed paid to antipollution devices. It made for really very bad health conditions especially for respiratory conditions. I remember somebody saying that it was equivalent to smoking 10 packs of cigarettes per day! So what we did was, we found a house out above Lecco, the Lake of Lecco, adjoining Lake Como. We would haul all the kids in the car. There was usually not any weekend work, by the way. We would get them all in the car on Friday afternoon. We rented a part of a house for the year, actually. I remember going up from Milan to Lecco: the fog was so dense—it's the densest fog I've ever seen anywhere—as soon as you got up two or three hundred feet, there you were. There was the Alps, the mountains just magnificent—utterly clear and beautiful weather. We made a kind of pattern of that in the last year and a half to get some skiing in, get the kids some healthy air.

*Q: How did Earl Crain relate to the Italian business community.*

HARTLEY: Not very well. His knowledge of Italian was pretty scarce, as I remember. His wife liked to be in the smart set in Milan, in which there are a number—very large, the rich and nouveaux riches in Milan. They spent a lot of time hobnobbing with them. As far as having real relationships with Italian businessmen per se, I would say there wasn't much help given by Earl T. Crain. He was very proud of the fact that he was dean of the Consular Corps. I remember arranging for a lunch at the famous hotel Villa d'Este on Lake Como. It was a very hot day and they served a mayonnaise-based salad and half the corps came down with bad stomach problems. Crain wasn't a happy camper.

*Q: We had a consulate in Turin, didn't we? Was that pretty much a creature, almost, of Fiat? Was that why it was there?*

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HARTLEY: Turin kept going because Gianni Agnelli, head of FIAT, was a pal of JFK [John F. Kennedy]. For an amusing account of that consulate you should try talking to Ray Lombardi, who was there while I was in Milan. I went down to Piemonte - in Turin's consular district - a number of times. That was because of the Barolo and the wonderful restaurants there. We would go down there in the vineyards, just a beautiful part of the world. I also did some activities for USIA while I was in Milan. This was a good way to get out. I spoke pretty good Italian so I could get out there and do things substituting for the consul general, which was fun. I remember opening a road in honor of JFK. I remember - something I'll actually never forget - I had to be a judge in an Italian children's singing competition out in a place called Como Giovanni which means "young cuckold." That was a horrifying experience. These kids had vocal cords! As you can imagine, Italian kids. The paper referred to me as the U.S. consul general, Sir Hart Douglas. Crain picked this up in the paper and he was not amused. Anyway, the parents looked at me accusingly in case I turned thumbs down on their dear little children. And then there was that film *Years of Lightning, Day of Drums*. This was a USIA film on Kennedy and the assassination and that was good for going around showing the various people and then we would answer questions. I kind of enjoyed doing the USIA type of thing as well. So I was reasonably busy after the first six months, which were actually not so bad because we had some quite interesting consular stuff going on, too.

*Q: Was there very much interest in the American civil rights action that was going on at this time?*

HARTLEY: You know what was really the prime concern there was the Vietnam War. This was in '64 to '67. The war was escalating, students in particular were unhappy. I hate to think what the reaction would be now what with Internet and email. So we put on a big effort to try to talk to students. I did that myself. I talked to student groups and we had some Vietnamese, the minister of education came over, and we took him around I guess to show them what a really harmless little guy he was. Civil rights really didn't seem to be

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a big concern for the Italians, perhaps because they had had some colonial experience in Africa themselves.

*Q: Well, then you left there in '67.*

HARTLEY: I was asked to come to the embassy in Rome to be the ambassador's aide. Apparently I was one of two candidates. The other one was Ken Hartung, who we all know became more or less the head of the CDR, the Freedom of Information people at the State Department, after his retirement. Ken was the administrative officer in Genoa at the time. I only found out later that he had been considered first, and I was considered, and I was chosen. We, by the way, had lived in an apartment in Milan, a very large apartment on the Via Leopardi, which was pretty close to the central park. Milan is not a great place for kids. It was a very urban type of city. There wasn't much that kids really could do there.

*Q: Most Italian cities really aren't designed for children. There aren't many parks.*

HARTLEY: And this park was close to us. But between us and the parks, there were two very busy main arteries. To cross them was a risk. But then when the poor children got to the park, if they tried to do anything kids like to do, like getting into the mud, somebody would - and I'll never forget - "non ti sporca, cara! - Don't get yourself dirty, dear!" So these Italian kids were not permitted to indulge in the kind of things that little kids should be indulging in. So that was a problem. And then we also had this dog, an cocker spaniel, Bessie. They felt that the dog was not proper, untrained, shouldn't be in the apartment, etc. I remember having an argument with the portinaia (the concierge), one of these typically Italian formidable female concierges. She was complaining about our dog yet again, how the dog was dirty and how we weren't brushing it properly and all of that. The dog was with me. I angrily denied her assertions then I looked down and saw that Bessie had just peed all over her floor. She looked at me and then looked at the dog. The dog looked at me, and then that was it. She won the round.

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Anyway, getting back to the transfer, I drove down to Rome. My aunt, a longtime resident of Rome, had found us an apartment there in Via Bruno Buozzi in Rome near the Parioli district. I was, in one way, happy to get to Rome because I have family in Rome. My father's sister, my aunt, had married an Italian many years before. They have four sons and I had always been quite close to the family. That was nice. We left Milan in early November and stayed in Rome until July 1968, which would have been the expiration of my tour in Milan.

I was totally in awe of the embassy. You must have gone to that embassy. It is palatial. The ambassador's office is enormous. It's the size of a tennis court. I found it quite overwhelming, the whole place. Going there and sitting in the alcove in this enormous office. This, by the way is a part of my career which was not one of my strong points, but I'll go through it anyway. The DCM was a guy named Frank Meloy. Somebody described him as the original "iron hand in a velvet glove." It was a very good description of Meloy. He was very polished, very debonair, suave - a diplomat of the old school. But tough as nails underneath, I thought. Years later, Meloy was assassinated in Lebanon. The ambassador's secretary was Betty Foster, who had been there for years. The ambassador was the aforementioned Frederick Reinhardt. My job was extremely tedious and I also felt like an outsider, even though I had old friends there serving with me, like Goodie Cooke and Charlie Stout. The hours were long. I usually didn't get back to my family much before eight o'clock at night. I was constantly getting up in the middle of the night to read EXDIS telegrams. Reinhardt was the type who liked to sit around in his office for hours doodling over the cables, then he wanted a clarification on this or that, so basically you sat around twiddling your thumbs for quite a bit of the time, which I found extremely irksome. I remember - and this would have been about a month after I got there - Betty Foster got the phone and she asked me to pick it up. I picked it up and the guy on the other end apparently thought I was the ambassador. He said (Hartley uses a mock British accent.) "Freddie, it's Constantine here. I'm afraid I have a bit of a problem." It was King Constantine. He had just arrived in Italy, having fled the junta from Greece. He had stayed

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on for a while following the colonel's coup in April 1967, then decided to leave. So what did he do upon arrival but call his old friend, Freddie Reinhardt?

The most interesting thing, the most nerve-wracking thing, was the sudden visit of President Lyndon B. Johnson to Rome on December 23rd. This is a story in itself. I could go on and on about this.

*Q: I think presidential visits are well worth talking about.*

HARTLEY: We became aware of the fact that the Secret Service was in town. Italian police contacts mentioned that they thought the Secret Service was in town. Reinhart was pretty upset. He said, "Why the hell didn't somebody tell me about this?" The next thing we knew, Harry Shlaudeman, who was in the Secretariat, came in and I was there and had breakfast with him and the ambassador. He explained that Johnson, who was in Vietnam at the time visiting his troops, had decided on the spur of the moment that he wanted to go to the Pope so he could get a blessing for our boys. It would be seen as a good thing if he went and touched base with the Pope. This would have been just prior to Christmas in 1967. So the whole place was of course thrown into turmoil. We had just about a week to prepare for this thing. The next thing, an advance man called Foley—Frank Foley, I think—came in. He was an old Democratic politico, a friend of Humphrey's. He came in and he was sitting in my office with me at the embassy. Three armored limousines were flying from the States. They got them to Torrejon Air Force Base in Spain and then they were going to be airlifted to Rome. In any event, they never arrived because they got fogged in in Spain. And then the U.S. military helicopters that were also at Torrejon—which were meant to arrive at the airport twenty-four hours before Johnson was due to arrive—didn't actually get there until an hour before president arrived on Air Force One. So there was a tremendous amount of confusion going on. They also refused to allow Italians to pilot the helicopters. The U.S. military pilots were quite unfamiliar with the area. So we were going around trying to collect maps to show them how to get the helicopters to Saragat's place in the country and then helicopter directly from there to the Pope in the Vatican.

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While AF-1 was still en route from Vietnam, the ambassador had been on the phone with Johnson's entourage trying to explain that Johnson must, if he were to visit the Pope, also visit the president of Italy. He didn't want to bother with the president of Italy. He said "I don't want to see the president of Italy. I going here to see the Pope and I want to see the Pope." That's what happened. Finally, Freddy Reinhardt argued him into seeing that "You've simply got to see the president of Italy. It would be a grave breach of etiquette not to see the president of Italy and just go and see the Pope. The Vatican is in Italy even though it's independent and autonomous. It is, after all, located in Rome. As a courtesy you simply have to see the president." What, I think, may have been decided there and then was - if this fellow insists I see the president, "Okay, I'll go see the president, but I don't want to see him in Rome." For some reason, I don't know why, probably some security threat. Anyway, I stayed at the embassy, dealing with various things that came up—problems, of which there were thousands. The president duly got into the airport, duly got his helicopters, they found Saragat's place, had the meeting with him, and then headed for the Vatican. At the Vatican, all the cardinals were gathered together where helicopters were meant to land, but they unfortunately, landed in the wrong place. I wasn't there, fortunately. Goodie Cooke was there. He had an unforgettable tale of all these ancient cardinals gathering up all their robes and trying to rush to the place where the helicopters landed. According to him, the Secret Service insisted in going in to see the Pope for the private interview with the president. Goodie had to almost get into fisticuffs to prevent them from going in to be in on the conversation. Finally, I think Goodie won!

I also think that Johnson decided then and there to replace Reinhardt as ambassador, because, just about twenty-four hours after Johnson left and the Reinhardts went on a two week vacation on one of the islands, we got a telegram requesting the Italian government's agreement (preliminary clearance) for the appointment of Gardner Ackley, the chairman of Johnson's Council of Economic Advisors, as the new ambassador. Even though the Reinhardts had been in Rome for six years, the news was totally unexpected. We couldn't

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help but think it might have had something to do with the fact that Reinhardt had been so adamant about this business of seeing the president.

*Q: It sounds like a Johnson thing.*

HARTLEY: He probably got on the airplane and said "Who is this guy Reinhardt! I've got my friend Gardner Ackley, who speaks Italian." In any event, I saw the Reinhardts off and, then, in March, Meloy decided to reinstall Ron Woods, who had been the aide in my place, while I went into the political section as number two in political/military, working with Bob Gordon. I was there until the end of my tour, which was July, 1968. I still don't know—I don't think, in retrospect, that I was particularly good at the aide job, I certainly didn't enjoy it!

*Q: Well being an ambassador's aide or anybody's aide takes a particular type of person. I never was one. I know then and I know now deep in my heart that I would be a disaster. I can't operate like that. I'm just not that type of person. Some people are very good at this. You were in the political section during '68? Was it a different world that you were seeing from Milan and Naples?*

HARTLEY: Well, only that when you're in the capital you are more in tune with the movers and the shakers. Plus you realize—when you're in Rome—that Milan, as far as Rome is concerned, is just another constituent post. Actually, the political problems centered on Rome. People didn't think much about what was happening in the rest of Italy. I think this had its repercussions later on in Italian politics, when you think about it. Later in the '90s with the Lombardi Movement and the Northern League and people like Umberto Bossi and these types. But we were still very much into the Cold War. Were they good guys or were they bad guys? Were they commies or were they us? There was a tide—the communists were beginning to seek respectability and we were totally adamant, totally anti-communist. I think Kennedy had given his approval to the idea of center-left. And so we went along with that and supported the center-left. But our contacts in the communists were very



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proscribed. I'm not even sure we had any. I certainly didn't. However, there's one little incident that strikes me as being quite Italian. We decided to close down one of the bases, I think in Tuscany somewhere. I can't even remember the name of the base now. This was publicized that the U.S. government intended to close down this air force base. By the way, this part of Italy is called the Red Belt. So we got a delegation from the Red Belt: the mayor of the town, the town council, and a few others. To a man, they were communists. They came to see us, begging us not to close this U.S. air force base on the grounds of the economic problems it would create.

*Q: The communists in Italy were not doctrinaire. I know even when I was in Naples in '79-'81, Mayor Valenzi was a communist, but he was saying "Please keep the Sixth Fleet around." I mean, it's jobs.*

HARTLEY: Right. Well, this was true certainly even in early '68, which was a decade closer to the times of the Cold War. It was a fairly short time I was in the political section.

*Q: The impression I got—I was never an Italian Hand—and I only had a short time in Naples, but just looking at this really as an outsider, I thought we did an awful lot of reporting on the politics of Rome. Going on there, all these little coalitions that were forming and reforming and you had essentially the same—as static a situation as one can imagine since '48, with little openings here, changes here, but yet we're reporting in exquisite detail. I had the impression that our embassy got caught up in sort of the Roman merry-go-round and was paying too much attention to the "small picture."*

HARTLEY: I think you're absolutely right. I think that the type of people we had in Rome, some of the officers there were so familiar with Italian politics that the staff meetings there were like sort of a delicately structured ballet. They had a lot of officers, and each one had his own party, so it was his bread and butter. If he could bring his party out and focus on that, or the other guy would have his party. Somebody would follow the Socialists—like Charlie Stout. I'll never forget Charlie. He could go on and on about it, God bless his soul,

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about the Socialist Party. I remember when I did go down there, I came down there to give a political briefing. I did some political work in Milan as well when the political officers were away. I had been to Rome and given them a briefing and talked about local politics with some rising political stars there, including a new very prominent leader, Piero bassetti, and I don't think they paid any attention to me at all. And I, in turn, didn't know half of what they were talking about because I had no real idea of these little currents that were going on within these parties. I agree with you; in the big picture, all of this is very nitty and basically trivial. But you know what reporting was like in those days, because we had so many people. We just delivered a deluge of long reports in those days of despatches and telegrams and bloated staffing.

*Q: And Italy, I found, was sort of interesting. I had never run across this before. It was a terribly ingrown place. Many of the people were on their third or fourth tour in Italy, which was unlike most other places, and caught up in a country that was friendly to us, really wasn't a challenge to us, and mainly needed some hand-holding and care-taking. And that was about it in the Big Picture. Then you had these people who were exquisitely tuned to the permutations in this party system.*

HARTLEY: That's right. The ambassador's staff meetings had to be seen to be believed. Did you ever attend one of those things?

*Q: Yes, once in a while.*

HARTLEY: They had an enormous room. And they had a huge table with about 50 people. I never did find out what some of these people were doing there and what their responsibilities were. I think it was a sort of heyday of the oversupply. There were too many Foreign Service people and there were too many people overseas. MAAG [Military Assistance Advisory Group] was there. MAaG was enormous. Nobody could ever figure out what they were doing. I know Freddy Reinhardt could never figure out what they were all doing there. MAG. It was overkill. The whole embassy was overkill.

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*Q: Did you ever have any feel for the CIA's operation there?*

HARTLEY: I didn't really get involved in that at all. There were a lot of them, but they kept pretty well to themselves. I did not get involved in that.

My tour in Italy came to an end. So in July 1968, we were finally able to wangle a boat crossing. We weren't able to manage the Italian line - but had to settle for the Constitution. The boat was appalling. It was the penultimate trip on the Constitution and we should have flown even though the kids had fun . The crew was rude; the food was almost inedible; you couldn't tell the difference between chicken and fish. I finally said "What the hell is this?" and they said "Well, we had this in the bottom of the freezer for months." It was just terrible. Of course, the boat was full of military people going home— and us, all U.S. government people, so the crew didn't care. We returned in July 1968, had home leave up in New England with my then wife's parents in Harvard, Massachusetts, then I went down to DC and found a house on Woodley Road, just opposite the Cathedral. My eldest daughter had become a pupil of Mary Day, now doyen of the Washington Ballet, when we returned from Belgrade. She was five years old. I mention this because she had started ballet as a three year old because of the wife of a British colleague of ours in Belgrade. When we returned in 1968, she reenrolled and was in some productions, including The Nutcracker, and was used as an extra in the American Ballet Theater. She ultimately became a professional in the United Kingdom, but I'm getting ahead of myself!

My job was—I was put in ARA [American Republics Affairs] Personnel, of which I knew nothing. I was in charge of something like 25 countries: all of Central America, all of the Caribbean, and Brazil. So that was my area. I'll never forget my very first day. I had just gotten to my office, and I told my secretary "For God's sake, don't let anybody come in, because I've got to read something. I don't know anything about this area." She went off for a cup of coffee and this guy comes into my office, sits down, and I say "Hello." He says "My name is X." I say "Where are you off to?" He said "I'm going to David. Will you please tell me about the quarters there, the cost of living allowance, the health conditions, blah,

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blah." Well, I'd never even heard of David. I didn't know where it was. I had a map behind me. I remember frantically looking at the map trying to find it. I was finally had to admit my total ignorance but refrained from telling this earnest young man that I had just returned from an assignment in Rome!. Personnel turned out to be a real eye-opener.

*Q: You were in Personnel from '68 to?*

HARTLEY: 1968 to late 1969.

*Q: In ARA Personnel, did you have the feeling that ARA was sort of a chasse gardée, an enclosed area, and there wasn't really much penetration by people that served elsewhere into it? Or going out from it?*

HARTLEY: There were certainly a lot of people being moved around within ARA, but that wasn't necessarily because ARA wanted it that way. I think, in part, it was because other people didn't really want to go to ARA. I felt that ARA and AF [African Affairs] were the two - the guys that whenever EUR [European Affairs] wanted to shuffle somebody off - EUR was the most desirable area - they would try to do this onto us and AF. I would often represent ARA at the panel meetings. But even more interesting was when I represented ARA at our own private meetings of the heads of the Bureau personnel, these being to discuss difficult placement problems. In those days, as you remember, there was a parallel personnel system, the bureaus versus Career Management or Career Mangement as we called it. They were meant to be more honest than us sharks in the bureaux.

*Q: I was part of that at this time - from '67 to '69; I was doing consular officers with Larry Lawrence.*

HARTLEY: I remember Larry very well and also Whitney - Jane Whitney. Larry was a fair person and easy to deal with. But within the confines of the bureau, we would really try to horse trade. You know the list to be assigned, which basically we called the Turkey List. These were the people that nobody basically wanted. But in the closed meetings

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of the heads of the bureau personnel, in which I participated fairly frequently, we had some actually totally hilarious sessions. These were some of the funniest moments of my Foreign Service career. I wish I could remember specifics, which I really can't, but it was where people really got down to the nitty-gritty; this was where you got the real lowdown on people, unless of course you were trying to fob somebody off onto another bureau. Nothing and nobody was sacred. This was so refreshing in an organization where everybody pussyfoots, always trying to be very nice and unoffending, but there you would call a spade a spade with no fear that what you said was going to be repeated. We had a varied group of people - from Dick Murphy in NEA [Near East and North African Affairs] to Bob Skiff in EA [East Asian Affairs] to Peter Spicer in AF. We had a lot of laughs, but we also knew that we would be the laughees just as soon as a new batch of personnel types replaced us.

My boss initially was Harry Weiner, who was then replaced by Joan Clark who went on to become the Director General of the Foreign Service. She had started off as a secretary in Belgrade with George Allen, who was the ambassador back in the early '50s. Joan was a tough woman, but a good person and very smart. In late 1969, Sheldon Krys, who had been an aide to the ambassador or something like that in London, came into ARA and took on what started as an overcomplement job, turned into my job and he eventually went on to become head of ARA personnel. Late he was an Assistant Secretary for AdministratioAnyway, I had in the meantime applied for the economic/ commercial course, a course given by FSI.

*Q: A six-month course.*

HARTLEY: I was due out. I can't remember whether I had a two-year tour or a four year tour. I felt, and I think my career manager thought, that it would be a good thing for me to take this course since I was in the economic/commercial cone. I don't think they knew what to do with Sheldon Krys, so maybe this was a fortuitous turn of events. Ambassador Findley Burns, became the deputy assistant secretary for personnel in ARA. He could be

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quite ruthless and loved to ferret out obscure places in our bureau for people who had done something to displease the powers-that-be. For example, one young officer had organized an anti-Vietnam rally and used the Foreign Service Association, for a meeting or for lunch or something. The 7th floor was not pleased so Burns was told to get rid of this guy, go find a post for him. Burns who actually knew nothing about ARA, being a staunch Europeanist and Middle Eastern hand, said - "Hartley, I want you to find think of the most obscure and isolated post you have and send this guy out there. I believe he ended up in Curacao but wouldn't swear to it. If we had had a post on Devil's Island that would have suited Finley just fine. There was another incident where the former deputy head of protocol under the Kennedy administration, one Sanchez-Bonet, having had a disastrous posting in Oporto and causing several resignations was also foisted on me and I had to find the most undesirable Mexican border post possible preferably without a secretary or junior officer. He duly ended up in Ciudad Juarez which was overwhelmed with consular problems, citizens in jail and other such nightmares. Poor guy lasted about four months and then resigned, which was the whole point of the exercise in the first place!

*Q: Was there much attention paid to career development at your level? Did they say "We should get so and so a post that gives him more opportunity?"*

HARTLEY: That was your guys' department. We were body traders!

*Q: We were called career development officers.*

HARTLEY: We expected you to take care of those considerations. We were more concerned with getting reasonably qualified bodies and the best we could get into the particular vacancy as quickly as we could. If we were made aware of the desires of an ambassador, of course, this was very much of a consideration, obviously if an ambassador said, "We want this person," we'd try to get them. I don't think we were as responsive to careers per se. It was our job to get the best we could and particularly for the more difficult posts and/or the more vocal ambassadors. Some posts were impossible - like

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Tegucigalpa, which was a miserable place with a very difficult ambassador. Morale was appalling. The reputation was such that it was next to impossible to get anybody decent in there.

*Q: Were you feeling at all the hot breath of Vietnam, of absorbing a lot of officers at that time. It was a major period.*

HARTLEY: Vietnam was siphoning off a lot of people. We did have vacancies that we had a hard time filling. But the trouble usually, especially in the administrative and to some extent the consular—there were people there who nobody really wanted because they were incompetent or they had crashed out in various posts or they had very poor efficiency reports. But eventually you had to turn to these people in order to get them off somebody's back and get them into a post. Sometimes you did that with misgivings. I tried very hard not to foist this type of people on our posts, but sometimes it was a little difficult. Sometimes there were people with medical problems. You in career management knew about the medical problems, but we weren't meant to know about the medical problems, even though sometimes we did.

*Q: There was an awful lot of staffing of our posts along the Mexican and Canadian borders with both medical problems and with—particularly—ladies who had elderly mothers they had to be concerned about.*

HARTLEY: In January, 1970 I went into the economic course. I have to say I was totally at sea. I have never understood algebra and geometry, and higher math, and, indeed micro-economics was and still is a complete mystery to me! The course started where I had left off, and they went on from there. I was way out of sync, though I did do better when we got to the macro-economics part of it. In the end I got quite a bit out of the course, and in fact did respectably in the Graduate Record Exam.

In the meantime, Vietnam was breathing a little bit down my neck, too. I had been told that they were looking actively for “volunteers,” and if they didn't get volunteers they would

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basically go and tell you, "Hey, you are going to Vietnam." I didn't particularly want to go to Vietnam. I had a wife and four children in Washington. I was, at one point, offered a job at the State Department. It was a minor desk in ARA. I think it was Haiti or Guyana, or something like that. But in the meantime, a friend of mine who was in NEA personnel told me there was a vacancy in Athens. I latched onto that, and that's how I got to Athens, my next post, as an economic officer.

*Q: You were in Athens from '70?*

HARTLEY: '70 to '72.

*Q: Could you explain the political situation as you saw it when you arrived in 1970?*

HARTLEY: Well, I think that I was three years into the period of the Colonels and Greece was being run by Papadopoulos and his two buddies, Pattakos and Makarezos. These were three guys who had come from the army, were all colonels, I believe, at the time that they mounted the revolution, so called, and came to power in April, 1967- it was a dictatorship. However, it was not, I didn't think, as hard line a dictatorship as it might have been when it started or as it had been portrayed in the press. I think that in the two years that I was there, if you think in terms of people who, as long as they stayed out of politics, were left alone, then I would say that was more or less the situation in Greece at the time. You didn't hear of too many people being hassled. On the other hand, I had no previous knowledge of Greece nor did I have much time to read up on it before departure. Furthermore the Department in its wisdom declined to allow me language lessons , I had those on arrival but it would have been a good time for total immersion. Those who had known Greece before found the time of the colonels stultifying to political, cultural and creative life. Educated Greeks, especially in and around the major cities, and the diaspora who had left Turkey in the between-war period, looked upon the colonels as a bunch of country bumpkins. It was indeed hard to meet anybody who much sympathized with them. However, many Greeks, I believe, were secretly relieved to have a measure of political



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stability after the chaos of the Papandreou years. It was a mild dictatorship, but since it was perceived by our liberal press as being fascist, they could do no right, and, as bad as they may have been, they were portrayed as even worse. Dusko Doder, who was a Belgrade correspondent for The New York Times when I served there, told me that he had written an article for The Washington Post in which he had been asked to compare the Ceausescu regime in Romania with the Papadopoulos junta in Greece. He had written an article in which he said almost uniformly that everything was worse in Romania than it was in Greece - human rights, government interference freedom of speech and the press, etc. It was a worse government and it was a much worse dictatorship. When The Post editors received his piece, that they called him and said, "We really can't print this. This is not printable in its present form." He said "Well, why not?" They said "It is not in tune with our editorial policy. We can't say that the Romanian regime is worse than the Greek regime. The Greek regime is well known to be a group of fascist thugs. So you can't say this." Eventually the story was run, but it was very much altered from what he had submitted.

*Q: For the record here, I was consul general in Athens '70 to '74, and you're absolutely right. It was a rather inept dictatorship.*

HARTLEY: They were laughed at as much as anything. Pattakos had this great cleanliness thing. Greeks are by no means dirty. They are fairly clean. But he carried it to extremes. There are stories of him rushing out of his car, stopping his huge car. All of us remember these cars because they had these black window shades in the back. They looked very sinister. Pattakos would rush out, and if he caught someone throwing a cigarette butt on the sidewalk, he would rush out, pick up the butt, and remonstrate against it. So after a while, the paparazzi would come by waiting for these opportunities to watch this guy Pattakos making an idiot of himself.

From a job point of view, I was the economic officer, so I was really basically doing what I should do, which was charting the economic situation in Greece, which was pretty good. They had a fairly low inflation rate and there was a steady economic growth. I was also

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doing all the economic reporting. I did quite a number of field trips. I was working with Milner Dunn, who was the economic counselor and a good boss. We had a house up in Kokinara, up north of Kifisia. Living was pretty nice. There were a few little problems there. I remember at the time we had three cats—I can't remember—and two dogs. They were all being shipped in from the States. As usual, I went ahead to set up the housing and everything. Then my wife and kids came afterward. On this particular occasion, my oldest daughter, Virginia, came with me. We were in temporary quarters until we moved into our house in Kokinara. Anyway, while I was there, I removed my car from the parking lot. The parking lot was right next to the embassy. In those days, there was no control. Anybody could actually park in the parking lot. I moved my car and went to the airport and picked up the animals. When I got back, there was wild confusion. It was that time, about 15 minutes later a terrorist had pulled in to the lot, removed a bomb from the car, and the bomb had exploded in their hands—blown up that whole side of the embassy. Were you there at that time?

*Q: Yes, I was there. It was a Cypriot Greek and an Italian leftist woman. Our people were rather upset because I think one of their heads ended up right in the lawn right next to the consular section.*

HARTLEY: Well, you were intimately involved in this thing! Well, the ambassador was Henry Tasca. You were with him, too. I got to know him fairly well because Mrs. Tasca, I heard later, took a shine to me as well as to a very golden-haired air attache! This must explain why we kept on being invited to the Residence and to many, very boring parties, including one in which they invited the entire Greek cabinet, not a very animated lot, I can tell you. Most of them (not, however the three stooges as we called the Number One Trio) even showed up, which says something about our importance to them, to see an interminable film entitled, *How the West Was Won*. I remember that they were all practically, to a man, fast asleep when the thing stopped. Tasca was, as you know, for one reason or another, tarred with the brush of being favorable to the regime. He certainly

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was—I think he had pretty close relationships with them, whether they were beyond the bounds, I don't know.

*Q: My gut feeling was that he was reflecting the Kissinger-Nixon theory that this was an anti-communist dictatorship and this is a better to have them than some of these left wing socialists. You had the Papandreous. I mean, I think he was reflecting the administration.*

HARTLEY: Yes, I think he was. I think one problem was that Mrs. Tasca, who was a very opinionated Italian lady, and her family, during Mussolini's era, had the garbage collecting monopoly in Rome which would make them, well, quite fascist. They were, I guess, pretty fascist, or at least that was what I had heard. What with Mrs. Tasca, who I'm sure opined this on many occasions and made her views known. And Henry was not exactly your original liberal himself. The word got around that they were cozying up to the regime. And of course Tom Pappas was very much involved in this. Tom Pappas was a prominent Greek American from Boston who had a refinery in Thessaloniki, among other things. He was very much involved with the regime, and also involved with the Tascas. But I never had any problems with Tasca. The only problem I ever had with him was that he asked me to play squash with him. So I would regularly play squash with him. And go out to the squash courts at the Air Force base there. It had a tin roof and it got very hot. He was pretty good. Normally he beat me, but one day I beat him. I got a call later in the afternoon from his secretary, Gwen something or other. She said "Doug, did you beat the ambassador in squash today?" I said, "Yes, I did." She said, "Well, please don't do it again. He's in a foul mood." It taught me an elementary lesson. I guess I should have known it before.

*Q: Did you find in your connections that the Greeks looked upon the American embassy and the ambassador as almost a proconsul. I mean, that everything that happened in Greece was the American responsibility?*

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HARTLEY: Yes. I think that clearly they thought that. They had a love-hate complex. They loved to blame us for anything that was going wrong. I didn't really get involved in the Cyprus issue, particularly, but I think the Greeks felt that we were tilting toward the Turks. This was before the partition of Cyprus. There was a crisis. Bishop Makarios, I think, was involved in this. Yes, definitely, it was as if we were proconsuls. A lot of the traditional embassy contacts, especially the older Greek hands, were the opposition people. And a few of the older hands, like Dan Zachary, who had been posted to Greece during the old days of democracy, kept in touch with them, but in a very low-key way. However, I was encouraged to make some contacts with actual regime people. I remember I did make contact and got to know one rather spooky-looking guy. He was a junior cabinet member. But this was quite unusual, looking back on it. Even though we had this reputation for being pro-regime in terms of our associations with people at the sub-cabinet levels—on any sort of social basis - I don't think there were that many contacts except for the Tascas. But on the other hand, I wasn't in the political section and, as an embassy, there wasn't much communication between the various sections.

*Q: I can't recall really meeting any of the top regime people at all.*

HARTLEY: I met them. Aside from the movies at the residence, I attended a number of functions where they showed up. I do remember watching Papadopoulos. He was a very sinister looking little man but he had a certain personal magnetism. He was also extremely ugly, which was like Onassis. I met him during the trial flight of a DC-10 hosted by McDonnell-Douglas, where I also met Danny Kaye and lunched with Donald Nixon. He was there because his son, Alexander, was for a time at the controls of the aircraft. Of course, he was later killed in an air crash.

*Q: Yes. I got very much involved in that.*

HARTLEY: Onassis was one of those physically ugly Greeks with tremendous magnetism. But he was the kind of person that you knew immediately that he was a presence there.

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He had very strong features and a very powerful voice. Like Papadopoulos, he seemed to have almost yellow eyes, like a tiger's eyes. I remember in this party, Papadopoulos was huddled with a bunch of his guys and it was like a football huddle. You could see them all sort of gesticulating like this, and this guy flashing these yellow eyes. It was like some primeval - like some science fiction thing, one creature, you know, made up of all these people. Definitely, there was a dynamism about this man. You could see that he was not the village idiot, as he was portrayed, the way most people like to portray him.

Anyway, I had two pleasant years. I had a boat, which I kept out above Glyfada. It as a powerful, if erratic, outboard, and we used to go out water skiing, go on picnics. I had the four children, so we couldn't do as much touring of the islands as I would have liked. We did go to Kos once for a long weekend, which was just wonderful. It was on the Turkish coast. At that time I had the four children. When we left the States in 1970, my daughter was doing very well in the Washington School of Ballet, so we checked and saw that there weren't really any good schools of ballet in Athens. So we reluctantly decided that she should go to England to Tring, which is a school of ballet, a very fine school. She was accepted on Mary Day's recommendation. Then when I got to Athens, I wanted to put my child, Sandra, aged 11, into the Catholic school, the Ursuline Academy, but there were no vacancies. I had heard some pretty bad things about the American Community School in Athens, whether rightly or not, I don't know. We decided, rightly or wrongly, that Sandra should go to a boarding school in England and be with her sister, though not the same school. So that meant we just had the two younger kids with us, and the two older ones in school in England. It was a painful decision. I'm not sure it was the right one, but anyway. We left with the two younger kids. We did a lot of outdoor stuff in Athens, went camping with the kids. It was just wonderful in those days. That was before the Germans had taken over all the beaches with their trailers, before all the building and construction and smog. Even within a couple of hours of Athens there were wonderful places to go. So it was actually a very happy tour in many respects. In some personal respects, it didn't end up very well because that was on the eve of marital problems that had surfaced. Also, in

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the summer of 1971, I got a disagreeable letter from State telling me that I had been low-ranked - presumably because of Rome and then the economics course. I was shocked and for awhile looked around for some other employment. However, following a favorable inspection shortly before I left post, I was in fact, promoted the next year.

Well, anyway, I was direct-transferred to Belgrade in the middle of what I had hoped was a four year tour in Athens. I was replaced by Lynn Lambert.

*Q: Did you have any feel for the almost division within the embassy over how we were dealing with the Greek regime? Dan Zachary took, I know, a very dubious view of what we were doing there. We were too cozy, and all that. Did you have any feel for any divisions within the embassy on this?*

HARTLEY: Well, I mean, I think that the apparatus within the embassy was pretty solidly with Tasca. Elizabeth Brown, who was the political counselor, certainly didn't seem to have any ideas, I didn't think, nor any ideological ideas, which would have been against Tasca, nor did our DCM. But Dan kept up our contacts, which I'm sure proved invaluable to us in restoring relationships following the ouster of the colonels in 1973.

*Q: Bob Brandin.*

HARTLEY: Bob Brandin really seemed to have little impact on the post. Tasca was definitely in charge and he was perceived as having good contacts with the administration. I know that the regime was rough on the opposition, there was a lot of bad things going on behind the scenes, but I would say that we at the embassy were probably—at least among the senior divisions—pretty much behind Tasca when it came to that. The CIA was certainly extremely suspect for its connections to the regime and to the police and indeed we had some pretty suspicious characters in the CIA staff at that time. What was your opinion?

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*Q: Well, I only saw some of the differences because I would bring reports in about people who would come into the consular section and talk about having trouble with the regime, including some being beaten up and that sort of thing - not much of it, but some. And the CIA chief, whose name I can't remember now, would always discount it because his resources said it didn't happen. His resources happened to be the guys who beat up people. The other one that bothered me there and has bothered me elsewhere was that there seemed to be far too many Greek Americans in the CIA and in our own military, who tend, as most immigrant groups do the first generation, to be 110 percent very conservative. So they seem to be more comfortable with what I thought was a difficult situation. I wasn't sure where it came out.*

HARTLEY: I think that's very true. The people who would come there—every year you had the Sons of Aleppo Protective Association. They were so elbows-out American and almost liked to rub it in the nose, here we are. The women were always bedecked with jewelry, the guys were always big with quite an attitude (as they would say today) hey, we made it, and we made it and you guys didn't. They were intensely conservative and I think something of an embarrassment to the Greeks. But then, alas, there are all too many immigrant groups like that - take the Irish, the Italians, even the Danes, as examples.

*Q: Doug, you've been taken out of Athens, and you are sent up to Belgrade. This was '72 and you were in Belgrade from '72 to when?*

HARTLEY: I was in Belgrade '72 to '74. I filled out the rest of a four-year tour in Belgrade. I was direct-transferred to Belgrade because they needed a Serbo-Croatian language officer to replace Bill Whitman, who was the commercial attache. I drove up to Belgrade in a Volkswagen bus with my two daughters, Virginia and Sandra, three cats, two dogs, and a trailer with a boat on it. I got up near Thessaloniki and I left the boat and the trailer there to be picked up by Dick Jackson, who had recently been posted there. Anyway, we managed to get up to Belgrade, got housed, and my wife joined us. I started my job as commercial attach# under Ambassador Mac Toon, a career ambassador who had been in

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the Soviet Union and went on from there to Israel. He had been ambassador in the Soviet Union. My immediate boss was the economic counselor, a guy called Dave Bolen, who went on to become our ambassador to the Lesotho, then to East Germany. He had the distinction of being one of the relatively few black Foreign Service officers who had at that time achieved a high rank. He was pretty much of a hands-on guy who liked to keep pretty careful tabs on whatever was going on in his shop. He was there for a year. Then he was replaced by Leo Gotzlinger.

Yugoslavia had undergone a tremendous change in the 10 years I had been away. The first tour it was very definitely an iron-curtain type of a place. It was the kind of place you didn't want to stay very long. You wanted to get out to Trieste and a lot of us tried to do that as much as we could to see the shops, to see the bright lights. Trieste looked really good after Belgrade in those days. This time, coming back, they were beginning to build up - had already built up their foreign debt pretty much, which I think was one of the reasons eventually for the disaster that happened in their country. They were freely importing all sorts of consumer goods. The Robna Kuca (a department store) in Belgrade had just about anything you wanted. In fact, afterwards when I went to Salvador, Brazil, there was less of an assortment than there was in Belgrade at that time (not now, mind you!) In other words, it had become in the interim— maybe not so much politically but economically—increasingly tied into the west not only in terms of consumer goods but also in terms of trade patterns and what have you. Of course, they had a peculiar type of economic setup that was somewhere between capitalism and communism, which consisted of the state enterprises, *preduzece*, which had certain characteristics of fairly free-wheeling - at least superficially - characteristics of western corporations. But in fact, were coddled in a way that western corporations weren't. But they had the advantages of being able to retain overseas accounts - for example, hard currency accounts. They also had the great advantage of being co-owners of banks in Yugoslavia, so they could basically write themselves their own ticket. And when it came to loans, this again came back to haunt them later on when the bubble burst and repayment time came due and the



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world had somewhat of a recession as it happened later, back in the '80s. But when I was in Belgrade, things were looking good. People were looking much better than they had. They dressed better. They were less fearful since the secret police wings had been clipped back after Alexander Rankovic, the Serb head of the UDBA (secret police), was caught, they say, bugging Tito's bathroom in 1968. The political situation was basically frozen but there was greater ease of traveling to the rest of Europe, it was easier for ordinary folks to get to the Dalmatian Coast. The roads were incredibly improved over the early 1960s.

Anyway, you didn't hear of the police breaking into people's houses overnight and taking them away, and that sort of stuff. There was to some extent a rule of law in Yugoslavia at that time. Tito was more a benevolent dictator than anything else. He would go off and spend a lot of time in his many palaces and leave the business of government to his ministers.

*Q: You were part of the economic section. Was there concern within the economic section? I mean, we were not - it wasn't our debt - but a concern about how the Yugoslav economy was going as far as debt was going, at all?*

HARTLEY: I think there was considerable concern. In fact, while we were there, Ex-Im Bank [Export-Import Bank] sent a senior vice president, Ray Albright over there—after, I think, some of the enterprises, which were using the guarantee of the central or Republic governments to launch some enormously costly and suspect projects, had trouble repaying. In any event, ExIm suspended further loans while I was there. There was a devolution, a considerable devolution of power away from the federal government in Belgrade and back toward the republics. The republics were given the responsibility of developing their own economic plans. The result was a plethora of projects. It was as if each republic was trying to see if they could beat the other republics in the number of projects they could come up with. The expense of these projects was mind-boggling. I remember that at one point we tried to tabulate the number of projects and tried to come up with some project descriptions and that sort of thing - a little guide on the projects.

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It was quite obvious that most of them were economically not viable and would never take off. This, I think, is one of the reasons the banks were beginning to worry about the Yugoslav debt problem. But I don't recall when I was there just how far it had built up, but the repayment burden didn't become crucial until the 1980s which just happened to follow Tito's death and the failure to establish an adequate succession.

*Q: How did you find dealing with the Yugoslavs at this point? Was it a difference in making friends, talking to people at enterprises, business, that was different than before?*

HARTLEY: Absolutely. There was a terrific difference. First of all, as a commercial attache I was able to travel around quite a bit. In 1960, I was lowlier and desk-bound. At that time you had to go through the federal ministry if you were going on any field trips with itineraries worked out in advance; you had to have interpreters present. When I came back, they had what they called the Yugoslav Chamber of Economy, which basically didn't really have much of a function. They would help you get in touch with companies in various republics. They would get you in touch with a particular chamber for the particular republic. But as I recall, we would normally, by that time, arrange our meetings directly with the companies, and we could be pretty flexible as far as the scheduling went. I myself used to go off just by myself or with a driver, sending a rough itinerary to the Chamber. And very often just by train, or I would take my own car and go and talk to these people in various places. I guess I got around to all the republics.

*Q: What were you telling American firms that were trying to do business? "Make sure you get your money up front?" Something like that? Or how did it work?*

HARTLEY: Well, most of the companies that were coming in were coming in as potential joint venture partners. So normally, as I recall at that time, you could not have a majority ownership in a Yugoslav company. You could have up to 40 or 45 percent or something. The people I spoke to were mostly people coming in to actually set up, to establish, a particular company. They were nuts and bolts. But prior to that, its true, there were also

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other company representatives that would usually come in for a general briefing about Yugoslavia. And we would review the investment law with them. We would review the current political-economic situation with them. Normally they had been briefed in advance. They would go to Ex-Im Bank or somebody in the States to get a pretty good picture of the debt situation, for example. But the thing that most of them could not understand or cope with was the fact that 1) there was no plan in Yugoslavia at that time and 2) the central ministries were not involved in a plan. Or indeed involved in any of the economic planning, which had by that time had evolved to the republic level. So they would say "Well, but this is a communist country. Surely as a communist country there has got to be some central planning. Somebody has got to know what's going on." And the answer was "No, actually if you're really going to find out about setting up operations, say in Macedonia, which is part of our consular district, part of our embassy district, then you really have to go down to Skopje and talk to the people there." It was a problem of basically trying to explain to them this peculiar structure that was Yugoslavia, which was not centrally planned, even though it was a communist country.

*Q: How did you all find Yugoslav law as far as a person wanting to invest? At that time was it more or less friendly to foreign investment or was it a tricky one that would come up and hit you all the time?*

HARTLEY: They were really anxious to get foreign investors in. The government kept on working on investment laws in order to polish the investment law and make it more reactive, responsive to western concerns. I remember that. I think the main problem was to make sure that they found a Yugoslav company that was solvent and in relatively good shape and had a fairly good reputation so that they would not be surprised by getting in bed with the wrong people. I think that was something we were concerned about. I think the biggest deal was the Krsko nuclear project. Krsko is in Slovenia not far from the Austrian border. We had a situation where GE, the Italian subsidiary of GE, and Alstom (Swiss) were bidding against Westinghouse (U.S.) for the contract. We got involved in this difficult problem. We had two U.S. companies basically bidding against each other.

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And whom did you support? I worked on this with Toon and eventually Westinghouse did get the project. It seems to me that we tended to favor Westinghouse simply because Westinghouse was a U.S.-based firm.

*Q: The other one coming from, with the name, but essentially being an Italian subsidiary.*

HARTLEY: Yes, an Italian subsidiary. There were of course a lot of trade missions as you know, a lot of commercial attache' activities, things that were key to the Department of Commerce. The trade missions were organized by the Department of Commerce. We would show them around and take them to various trade fairs, set appointments and that sort of thing. We also had various U.S. exhibitions and trade fairs, but the major ones were actually not in our consular district. They were over at the Zagreb October Fair.

Then there was the big Ljubljana Electronics Fair. Ljubljana had a lot of really competitive companies at that time and still... I mentioned Iskra, which produced pretty sophisticated electronic equipment, also stuff like sights for military applications. It had western licenses and was probably the most sophisticated of the Eastern European electronic producers. I myself had one particular project that was dear to Ambassador Toon, otherwise I never would have taken it on. But in years past the Department of Commerce had often participated in the Novi Sad Agricultural Fair. Novi Sad is a city just about an hour and a half from Belgrade up in the Vojvodina, which is an area of part of Serbia that has a sizable Hungarian minority. Toon felt that we should have some presence there that year (1974), so he asked me to organize an American exhibition. I pointed out that while we had U.S. firms represented by agents, we had no actual companies present. Commerce had shown that they were not the least bit interested, but he said "Well, go ahead and do it anyway." What I did was find out which U.S. companies had got any licensing arrangements or any agreements or joint ventures of any kind with the Yugoslavs. I solicited the companies throughout Yugoslavia that had the relationships with U.S. companies and asked them if they would support a U.S. fair financially and in terms of equipment. I managed to get, I think, about ten companies to come in. Through them I

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was able to raise money and construct a budget, with which we hired an architect built a pavilion to house the U.S. exhibit. This is one of the more kind of fun and interesting things—also hair-raising things—I did in the Foreign Service. I remember finally the Department of Commerce realized what we were doing and they decided they had to get in on the act. They sent this guy over, whose name I can't remember. He took one look at us and said, "You have 40 days to the fair and you don't even have the beginnings of a pavilion. How on earth are you ever going to be able to do this. You don't have this, you don't have that." I said, "Well, that may be true, but that's the way things work here. Nobody does anything until the last moment here. You just have to live with that." He mumbled and grumbled away about this. And sure enough, about a week to go, we still didn't have a pavilion. We had the land, which was kind of soggy land. I kept asking the architect, "Listen, we've got to get this thing together. We've got to get it going. We've got to have a pavilion." He said, "Never mind. Not to worry. Everything will be okay." And he got every relative of his and every friend of his. All of a sudden, people came AWOL from the Yugoslav National Army. We had working for us about 30 or 40 people there. By God, they created a pavilion. They got all the building materials - carpeting, etc. - in place. It was up about 36 hours before the fair. Our pavilion was a great success. We made damn sure it was. Piper Aircraft even flew a single seater in from Switzerland, and though we had informed the government, provided the flight plan, it was almost shot down! We arranged for various officials from the U.S. side to be there to sign agreements with Yugoslavs and of course inflated the numbers like crazy in order to impress the Department of Commerce. We said we signed business worth 35 million dollars and we had the Yugoslav vice president, Todorovic, I think it was, come through. But for me, the important thing was that we kind of thumbed our nose at the Department of Commerce.

Belgrade was a great post for many reasons, first of all—the Yugoslavs. In '72 it was much easier to get to know them, associate with them than it had been before. We also had a great diplomatic corps. We had interesting, intelligent people, and they were very compatible. And so there were a lot of parties in Belgrade, a lot of social activity, too

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much, too much drinking! It was also so much easier to travel then. You could go all over the country with no problems whatsoever. Hotels were much better. I found something I had never found the first time - I found a very nice camping area within a couple of hours of Belgrade. Heading east past Pozorevac (home of Slobodan Milosevic) towards the Romanian border, I found an old monastery and a stream. So we used to go there camping. My boss at the time, the DCM, was Dick Johnson. So he and his kids and my kids would go there and camp. That was great. My two older girls, the two oldest children, were in school in England. They would come back and visit us. We lived in a great big old and kind of broken down old house, which we loved. It was in Uziu Street, right across from one of Tito's palaces and a military club just down the street. In 1980, Tito's body was lying in state there when Sondra and I briefly visited Belgrade. Our old cocker spaniel, Bessy, who had been born in Novi Sad and acquired when we first lived in Belgrade, had died a few months before we left in 1974, and she went through the Foreign Service with us. She came back to Belgrade after 13 years. She was older but not very much wiser, I'm afraid. She died just before we left, so I dug her grave in our garden and we placed a gravestone in Cyrillic - our dog's ashes co-mingling with Tito's, as it were.

*Q: Did you find that there was a difference between dealing with the different republics—I think in particular Macedonia and Bosnia-Herzegovina and Serbia. Those were the ones you had, weren't they?*

HARTLEY: Yes.

*Q: Were things pretty much concentrated in Serbia?*

HARTLEY: There was the famous steelworks in Skopje, capital of Macedonia. They had a productivity of some 10 or 15 percent of capacity at max. We would go down there and see that. This was one of the prides of the Macedonian manufacturing sector. There was also the Bor Mines in Bosnia. But they had in our area, obviously around Belgrade, a concentration of manufacturers. You had Kragujevac, which was about a hundred

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kilometers south of Belgrade where they produced first the Zastava and then the infamous Yugo. The same company later started churning out armored vehicles. Serbia may have been starting to plan for a bust-up as early as the 1970s. I recall that the Bar-Belgrade railway was opened in 1974, the sole link between Belgrade and the Mediterranean through the port of Bar in Montenegro. But I had no business with military producers. I would get down to Montenegro, not that they had a great industrial base there, but it is a beautiful place with spectacular scenery, and, incidentally, Yugoslavia's leading brewery in Niksic.

*Q: What about the embassy? How was what you were picking up? How was Tito seen in those days? He was getting pretty old.*

HARTLEY: Yes. This was 1970-74. Tito hung onto until 1980 when he finally died. As I said, he spent more and more time being the benevolent dictator, leaving others to run the day-to-day business - unless he thought things were getting out of hand, if he felt the new class of managers or the enterprises were getting dishonest or corrupt or greedy/capitalist. In early 1974, he wrote an open letter called "Titovo Pismo (Tito's Letter)" which was sort of a wake-up call which of put people back into line quickly. Tito was ostensibly in the background, but he was very much the power of the land, and whatever he said went. But I was amazed at the anti-Tito jokes I heard openly at parties and meetings in the Belgrade area. So people felt they could speak much more freely. Now the atmosphere was much more relaxed. There was lots more money around, there was a new class of managers who gave themselves plenty of perks, including big black Mercedes and weekend cottages on the coast. Yugoslavs could travel to adjoining countries - Austria and Italy - without a passport. They just needed their ID cards. The country, in a word, was at peace and quite prosperous, certainly it was way ahead of any of the other Eastern European countries under the Soviets. People often ask if we discerned any signs of dissatisfaction. You certainly did when you went to Slovenia. The Slovenes probably never saw themselves as a part of Yugoslavia. I remember in the hotels there was an advertisement for a restaurant-nightclub in each hotel. It was in five languages. None of the languages was



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Serbo-Croatian; they were - Slovenian, French, Italian, German and English. If you spoke Serbo-Croatian, you were liable to be answered in German. So, even at that time, they were feeling their oats, as it were. But though they resented Belgrade, they were also establishing through their big and relatively well organized companies, a real network through the whole country. Their hi-tech industries, such as Iskra, were unmatched in eastern Europe. I believe that our consulate in Zagreb had a greater awareness of the tensions lurking behind the facade, while the embassy in Belgrade tended to adhere more to the official line of “bratsvo i jedinstvo (brotherhood and unity).” How very wrong we were, in retrospect!

*Q: When you traveled, did you feel that you were under observation or not? Or was that pretty much a thing of the past?*

HARTLEY: I would say that when I was on field trips I did not feel observed at all. I had no sense of being followed. On the other hand, even back in the early '60s, one knew that occasionally one's phones were being tapped. We were told that anyway. And that certainly the locals and your servants were being surveyed and called in for reports. But I myself, the only time I was ever conscious of being followed was when I used to run the pouch down to Sarajevo back the first time I was in Yugoslavia, because the guy following me was extremely inept! But on the whole, I didn't feel I was under surveillance in Belgrade. The same was not true of Zagreb. I gather from the excellent memoirs “From Foggy Bottom to Capitol Hill” by Chips Chester, which has just been published by The Association for Diplomatic Studies and Training's Arlington Hall Press.

*Q: Particularly in the area you had responsibility for, what was the American impression of the productivity of the Yugoslavs as far as getting involved with them, as far as how they worked, and how the rules of the economic game pertained to Yugoslavia at that time?*

HARTLEY: Well, I think there were a lot of questions about the system and the efficiency of the system and the whole working out of this idea of worker self-management, initially



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idea of the party theoreticians, the Slovenian cartel. And the idea of workers being involved in management and being able to take part in company decisions and that sort of thing. It was theoretically excellent and people liked that, but it really translated unfortunately in most parts of Yugoslavia into the workers voting themselves increases in their paychecks at the expense of productivity. And this was another one of the things that really got up and really bit them. But when I was there, it was not yet evident because there was plenty of foreign money coming in, even though there were some warning bells. People were investing in Yugoslavia. It was considered, by far, a more desirable investment place, say, than any other in Eastern Europe.

You have to remember that in those days all the other parts of Eastern Europe were part of the Warsaw Pact and therefore integrated into the Soviet economy. So Yugoslavia was not, and most of Yugoslavia's trade was with the west. It was a special case. It was kind of looked upon as an experiment for a new approach. But having said that, I don't think we in the embassy ever really saw this approach as a particularly economically efficient approach. But we also felt that it was the best that could be done under the circumstances. You had an ideological structure that even though it had weakened—basic to the structure of Yugoslavia at that time was the communist party. The political power realities were not reflected in individual republics but with the communist party. And so that principle of the party predominance, no matter how you might have wanted to dilute it, was a fact of life under Tito. The organization of the economy would reflect it some way or other, this predominance of the party even though it might be concealed. Certainly companies were given much greater autonomy in terms of their internal structures and external trade than ever existed in other Eastern European countries.

*Q: Was there any interest in—particularly on the economic trade side, in the Soviet Union—from the Yugoslavs?*

HARTLEY: They still had these barter agreements with the Soviets. You could still buy cheap Russian watches in the department stores. That sort of thing. But serious trade, I

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don't think there was very much at all. I think that the Yugoslavs recognized that the quality was so much better in the west, which is where 80% of their exports went. Anyway, they had an underlying feeling of insecurity from the nearby presence of the Soviet Union. They had a healthy respect for the ability of the Russians to get in there if they wanted to - which was why the government attached such enormous importance to the U.S. connection. Most of their military equipment came initially from the USA though of course in the late '70s they began to build up their own capabilities, especially in Serbia and in Slovenia. However, we never overtly committed ourselves to coming to their assistance if they were attacked, it was more in the nature of an understanding, Consequently they weren't frightened physically in the sense that they expected to be invaded at any moment.

*Q: Was this sort of an underlying theme while you were there, that the Soviets might make a move on Yugoslavia?*

HARTLEY: No. No. It was very much in the background. I think the last time that it surfaced really strongly was during the Hungarian Revolution back in '56 and also later in '68 during the Czech uprisings and the failed Dubcek regime. Your average Yugoslav, at that time felt more at home with an American than with a Russian. This has probably changed since, after the bombing of Belgrade, when the latent xenophobia of the Serbs has again come to the fore, the feeling of uniting with their Slavic Orthodox cousins against the Muslim infidels and their western supporters.

*Q: The October war in Israel, and we were talking...we had troops, which were getting ready to be sent to Israel. And the Soviets were talking about moving troops.*

HARTLEY: That's exactly what it was. There was that, and we went into a heightened alert situation. There was some question about whether the Yugoslavs would prevent over-flights to Israel. But this quickly blew over and had no serious repercussions.

*Q: So then you left there in '74 and whither?*

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HARTLEY: Well, I had a difficult personal situation in '72 while I was in Belgrade because my wife and I had decided to separate. We weren't able to tell this to anybody at post this.

*Q: I'm curious. What would this have done? It just wasn't their business?*

HARTLEY: We felt that it was none of their business, and we were living together. We felt for the children's sake, for the four children, that the only thing we could do was sort of tough it out. We also felt that in a small diplomatic community like Belgrade, if the truth got out, there would be a lot of gossip. Anyway, when the dust cleared, I became the children's custodian. How I could deal with this situation? I couldn't stay on in Belgrade. My time had come up there. And there was either a choice of going to the States or maybe going to England because my two other girls were already there. By the way, the only person in the embassy who knew about this was Dick Johnson. Dick and Pat Johnson were our confidants and they were wonderful and helped us get through this time. So I, through some friends in Personnel (They do come in handy sometimes), the State Department arranged for me to be transferred to London. My wife went one direction - to marriage to a Canadian diplomat - and I went the other. I started off as an assistant commercial attache in the commercial section in London. By the way, my ex-wife returned to Belgrade as wife of the Canadian ambassador in the late 1980s!

*Q: You were in London from when to when?*

HARTLEY: From 1974 to '78.

*Q: I would have thought that a commercial attache' in the United Kingdom would be sort of almost an oxymoron, our ties are so close.*

HARTLEY: London was still an enormous embassy. I was one of four assistant attaches, there was a commercial attache and there was a minister for commercial affairs! My specialty was the engineering and industrial sector which after a while I managed to gain the offshore oil sector which was interesting as it was a time of rapid development of the

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North Sea oil. The economic section was very jealous lest the commercial section get involved in matters that were economic in nature. So we ended up by sticking pretty close to the commerce-mandated programs such as WTDRs [World Trade Directory Reports], Agency-Distribution searches, and, of course, support of the Trade Center, which had its own rather ample staff and its own building about a mile away from the embassy. The commercial function at that time was still in the hands of the State Department.

The Commercial Minister in the beginning was Archie Andrews. He was an old-line commerce type. Later, fortunately for me, Andrews was replaced by Cal Berlin. My immediate boss for a good part of the time was Larry Williamson. After having had a fairly free reign in Belgrade, I didn't really initially certainly find it at all challenging.

*Q: You were sort of given the toothpick industry to work on?*

HARTLEY: Basically, light bulbs and toothpicks! Yes, I was given the least desirable sectors to deal with. I was not a particularly happy camper professionally those first couple of years and there were many bewildering adjustments to a single life, so different is the single state to the married one. I found that I was ignored by the embassy's married set but I still had the double responsibilities of the single parent. I had four kids in four different schools. I decided to opt for English schools because I felt that the education that my daughters were getting was probably better than they would get in the American schools in London. My son went into what the British call a prep school - equivalent to junior high - and then ended up in Rugby School, one of the outstanding so-called public schools (actually what we call prep schools) in England. And I initially had daughters in three different schools, though that narrowed to two when Virginia, my eldest, graduated from Tring, a ballet academy and launched her career as a dancer. So every two weeks I spent the weekend visiting offspring and although the schools were more or less in the same area (the midlands) they were several hours north of London. For the two younger children, the sudden divorce and uprooting to new schools, boarding schools at that, was traumatic to say the least. Richard tried to run away twice, even boarding a truck at

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midnight not far from his school, then being turned in to the police. Charlotte was also in a strict school in the countryside and lost about 10 or 15 pounds. My personal life was a shambles, it was a very, very difficult adjustment. If you've been married 18 years and suddenly go into the life of a single person, it's extremely difficult. I had no conception of the difficulties of converting from being a married person, family oriented, to being a bachelor, trying to establish relationships! I married when I was 22 and had minimal experience of dating, had been to single sex schools. I was floundering around like a teenager, seeking I guess the security that a long-term relationship brings, and of course, not finding it. It was probably just as well that I didn't have a demanding job. I don't think I could have handled it. It wasn't by the way, all negative, there was the excitement of the chase, if you want to call it that, and I most certainly wasn't bored at least the first two years. From 1976 or thereabouts, however, I became restless, I needed to reestablish myself and move on both personally and professionally. But I didn't want to uproot the kids yet again so I extended a tour.

*Q: Well, looking at the British economy. Essentially, you were there in the pre-Thatcher years.*

HARTLEY: The big thing about England at that time was that it was first of all, the discovery of North Sea oil, the discovery and the flow of North Sea oil into the British economy. That was probably the most important thing we had. And the second thing was that you had a pretty doctrinaire labor government. The labor unions were at the height of their powers, and were very destructive to the British economy. One of the interesting things about the offshore oil: when I went to one of the offshore rigs, I asked the manager particularly about whether the workers there were members of trade unions. They said, "God, no. Can you imagine if we would ever get this oil out if we had eighteen different guild unions represented on this particular offshore platform? We'd never get anything done. We'd spend out whole life quarreling with the unions and people going on strike." So

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basically, the labor government, much against all their ideological will, ended up by never asserting this trade union movement in respect to the offshore oil.

*Q: That's interesting. I would have thought that there would have been a built-in—I'm not sure it's the right word—disdain for how the British labor movement treated its economy, by the American diplomats. I mean, just the feeling, you know...I mean at a certain point they seem to be more interested in quarreling than producing. And Americans—we may have our problems—but there is the bottom line. The British bottom line was not keyed to productivity, I would think.*

HARTLEY: No. That's true. It was very frustrating, because it was a very bad time in English economic life, and political life for that matter earlier. You had the great Carnaby Street business - the Beatles and all that stuff in the late '60s and early '70s. And that was when British fashions were in vogue and London was kind of the center of things.

*Q: Swinging.*

HARTLEY: Swinging. That was pretty well burnt out by the time I got there. Not only that, the other thing was the Irish Republican Army. The IRA was extremely active when I was there. In fact my kids, I remember when they went Christmas shopping - they had just been in England a couple of months. They went to Harrod's. They were all hustled out of Harrod's because someone saw something smoking in some sort of bin you kept wastepaper in. The IRA was threatening bomb strikes throughout London, so that was an unsettling time. The British economy was in pretty poor shape, particularly larger industrial works like Leyland Motors were being crippled by these strikes. The labor union was obviously very left-wing, if not communist. I think the Brits felt that they were kind of put-upon, and they felt very frustrated by the performance of their economy even though there were still areas that were technically very good. But the influence of heavy taxation on the smaller producers, crippling competition from Japan and Europe and the threat of nationalization or strikes by belligerent workers, made it hard to do business there.

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I was able to break out of my—well, I think it was partly me—I sort of recovered from my lethargy. And I looked about to see what was interesting. One of my areas was machine tools and equipment so I used that to get to Scotland and follow the evolution of the oil rigs. Even though the economic section kept grumbling about stepping on their toes and getting in their way, I was able to write some interesting reports about offshore oil.

*Q: I would have thought that it would have been a good commercial place, because as far as I know the United States is sort of preeminent in the oil drilling equipment and that sort of thing.*

HARTLEY: That's right. Another growth area that I got involved in, something that I was just developing when I left, was the Middle East. We were the powers in Saudi Arabia, but in UAE and Qatar and other places along the Gulf, the British absolutely had a monopoly there. So I was working with Commerce to introduce U.S. subcontractors to the large UK construction firms. I developed a Middle Eastern section within the commercial section in the embassy. I was able to get this recognized in the embassy and had a local, Colin Moore to work on it with me. It was pretty lively. We were making contacts with actual people from the Middle East and those areas were coming in. We had lunch with them and talked with them. In the meantime, politically the offshore oil was beginning to get results for the British and beginning to have an impact on them. Thatcher was the rising star of the Conservative Party. She took over the leadership from Heath and then in 1978, just after my departure, she became prime minister.

Oh, the other thing from a personal point of view, this is the second time I've been involved in a presidential visit. In 1977 Jimmy Carter decided to take his first overseas trip. After consultation with Edward Callaghan, who was the British prime minister, it was decided that Jimmy Carter - rather than going to London right away - should go to Newcastle, which is up in the northeastern part of England. It is a rather drab, underdeveloped area of England, home for some of the old rust-belt industries like shipbuilding and steel working and that sort of thing. But Union Carbide and Corning Glass had fairly large-scale

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operations there. For some reason they decided... I guess maybe the president had met the president of Union Carbide or something, and they said, "Why don't you go and see our factory." So a team of us went up—I was control officer—to Newcastle. I was one of the control officers, not THE overall control officer that I was working with. I had been in touch with the security concerns of the presidential advance people before, but this was more than I could believe possible. Everyone was so damned nervous because this was, as I said, the first time the president had been on an overseas and this was the very first stop. So you can imagine how people felt about this. But out of it comes one of my better stories, which I'm going to inflict on you.

One of the things about Newcastle was that part of George Washington's family came from the Newcastle area called Washington, the town Washington near Newcastle. So one of the deals was for the president to visit the family residence, I guess it was, of the first president. Someone came up with the idea of getting a cherry tree from Mt. Vernon, transporting it over to Newcastle, and planting it in a park in Newcastle. So this was done with true military precision. They got this little cherry tree and they put it on a C-109 transportation plane, a huge thing. It arrived in Newcastle in the middle of the night and was duly escorted. But when it was opened and the sackcloth was removed, it was looking extremely sick and wilted. So we summoned a tree surgeon, the cherry tree was put in a hotel room, and he injected the tree with various substances. A vigil was mounted and believe it or not, as morning came the tree showed signs of life. So when the president arrived, the tree was duly planted and everything was fine. It was great. I came back to Newcastle nine months later for no particular reason—I mean, I had a business meeting. I happened to look in the paper that morning. It said, there was a little item that said, "The cherry tree that President Carter planted on this site nine months ago died and has been taken out."

In early 1978, there was a meeting of the foreign ministers of Israel and Egypt which had taken months of delicate preparations in which our ambassador, Kingman Brewster, was involved. The meeting took place at Leeds Castle in Kent, a picture postcard castle about



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an hour's drive southeast of London. The first thing they had to do—and it was very funny to watch this: before everybody came to Leeds Castle, they had to figure out who was going to occupy which room. I remember seeing this huge map of the castle, an enormous castle with all the floors pictorially represented. The Jews and the Egyptians and the others, all on their knees sort of jockeying as to who was going to be in each room. And arguing. I thought, “Well, at least this is one way of getting together.” What else can I say about England at that time?

*Q: Who was the ambassador?*

HARTLEY: We had four different ambassadors.

*Q: Good God!*

HARTLEY: We had Walter Annenberg, a Republican, there for a few months. I just remember meeting him briefly and going to the house. They said that all the florists in that part of London went into mourning when Annenbergs left because they spent so much money on floral decorations. He was replaced by Elliot Richardson, who had been sent out in the aftermath of Watergate. He was there for about a year, and then Anne Armstrong, who was a Republican from Texas, replaced him. Anne Armstrong was actually there, I think, when the Carter visit came, because that was just after he had become president. She was replaced by Kingman Brewster, a Carter appointee who had been the former president of Yale. He was there for the last two years I was there. Of those, Richardson was a very fine guy, and I felt was very much respected in England. He was the right type for the English—very much a gentleman and a very nice person. Anne Armstrong was popular, an attractive, spunky woman. She was not an easy person to deal with. Fortunately, I never had much to do with her but I knew a couple of people who did, who ran afoul of her and were shot down in no uncertain terms, one of them having been her aide for about two weeks. It was enough. Again, I never had any problems with her,

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but then I never had anything much to do with her. My theory was to stay away from the ambassadors in a place like London. You tended just to get yourself in hot water.

*Q: Did you find that there was any particular interest on the part of the ambassadors? Really, in the embassy and the commercial side of things?*

HARTLEY: Not really. I guess, you know, when you had a really high-level visitor from Esso or Exxon, maybe the minister would come with the ambassador for a meeting. But as far as the day to day stuff went, the ambassadors were never really much involved. They were very busy, a tremendous social schedule. They had a lot of high-level visitors. They weren't much involved in the day to day operations.

*Q: How about, on the commerce side, did the trade missions sort of vacation or have a rest stop in England, or are they more likely to go to Paris?*

HARTLEY: Well, we did have a trade center in London, as I believe I mentioned. In fact, one of my jobs was to be a kind of liaison with the trade center, help them with their recruiting of publications of their stuff—briefing U.S. businessmen about conditions in England in that particular sector, and giving them the usual kind of briefing thing Foreign Service officers do. But I used to get to all the trade fairs. I was once able to wrangle a trip to Stavanger, in Norway, which also had an oil and gas show. We needed to do some recruiting efforts in Stavanger. I was able to get over there and help try to recruit some companies for a show that was being given in Birmingham. Yes, so I was very much in these shows, though I didn't actually directly organize them as I had in Belgrade. I used to help. That was all right.

*Q: After this time in London in '78, what was on your plate?*

HARTLEY: Well, I was coming up to the end of my assignment and thank god Cal Berlin, in 1977 who became the new commercial minister, was on the same wavelength. Cal was very pragmatic, a very bright guy who didn't put up with a lot of guff. He and I took to

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each other. So he kind of put me in charge of a reorganization of the commercial section, which was quite a task because it was one of these commercial sections that had been running along for years and years. The locals had been there for years, and he felt that they needed to be streamlined, updated, and reorganized. I became a kind of running dog. This didn't help my popularity with some of the locals, I might hastily add. We had to basically reorganize the commercial library and in a way managed to force the librarian to go. She was very competent but she wasn't responsive to some of the new organization standards that were being applied to commercial libraries across the board. So this was another aspect of what I did in London. I ended up feeling that I had accomplished a fair amount in London and had broken away from the real humdrum stuff that I was saddled with when I started.

The only ambassador that I really had anything much to do with at all was maybe Elliot Richardson, but that was tangentially. I did, however, know Ray Seitz. He was then in the political section. He went on to become ambassador. The only career ambassador, I think, who had ever been in England. Ray and I used to play squash together and I got to know him quite well though he lived in Windsor so was usually unavailable after office hours.

The only thing is that I was, I guess, getting used to the fact of bachelorhood. I felt there was a lot of suspicion from the married people at the post—about somebody who was single the way I was—even though I had my own children and everything. They just didn't think of inviting me or including me on a lot of functions that I normally would have been involved in. So I felt quite isolated. In a way that was good, because I had a lot of things I wanted to do on the side. So I didn't really care that much. But certainly initially I didn't get a whole lot of sympathy, not that I needed or wanted it. From that point of view, it was very cold. Also, I had come from a post like Belgrade where people were very much warmer and more congenial. You were on top of each other a lot more, which had both bad and good sides. But to go to a place like London, from that point of view was a shock

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—even though England, as far as a post goes, you can't complain, goodness knows. I'm not complaining.

*Q: So where did you go in '78?*

HARTLEY: I'll get back to Cal Berlin. Cal Berlin had been a consul in Recife. I had been paneled. Personnel figured, and I also figured, that I had been in Europe long enough. I wanted to go somewhere else. So they had paneled me to go to Africa, to Dar Es Salaam as an economic counselor, I think it was. Cal said, "Oh, don't go there. Go to Brazil. It's a great place, a wonderful country." He went on and on and on about Brazil and how great it was. But one of the places coming vacant was Salvador de Bahia. He said, "Well, go for it!" So I went for it, and was able to get the appointment to be the consul in Salvador de Bahia in Brazil. I was transferred back to FSI for Portuguese language training. And it was then that I met my present wife, Sondra. She was a friend of Bill and Cammie Whitman, who had been my predecessors as commercial attach# in Belgrade. I met her and we married just a month before I left for Salvador.

*Q: You were in Salvador de Bahia? Was this the "Savior of the Bay" or something like that?*

HARTLEY: That's right. The "Savior of the Bay."

*Q: You were there from what? Was it from '79 to '82?*

HARTLEY: Yes, '79 to '82.

*Q: How would you describe it? It's a post I have never come across before.*

HARTLEY: Well, I hadn't either. Again, it was one of these contrasts of life. I didn't really think about this at the time. But now, looking back on it, to go from London—which was the largest overseas posts in the world—to Salvador, which is probably one of the smallest overseas posts in the world was quite a contrast in itself. To go from being one of four

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assistant commercial attaches to being the principal officer was a nice little contrast. Salvador is the fifth largest city in Brazil. It's a city of about one and a half million. It's in the northeast, which is the poorer area of Brazil, a fascinating part of Brazil. It's not the Amazon region, it's not the tropical rain forest.

*Q: You're pointing to the map. It's just sort of just below the bulge of Brazil.*

HARTLEY: Yes, right. I was lucky. The consul in Recife was Guido Fenzi. Guido had a terrible task, because he was the only American officer there, and he had seven Brazilian states to cover, where I had a USIA officer—and I had a vice consul. And I had only two states. So I kept saying, “Well, wait just a moment—the state of Bahia is almost the size of Texas,” which was true. It also happened that it was virtually empty. There was not a whole lot of activity out of Salvador, but an area of 222,000 square miles, a large and largely empty area. I replaced Peter Whitney. One of my predecessors that I have kept up with who has had a distinguished career is Alex Watson, who went on to become the assistant secretary for Latin American Affairs, was ambassador to Peru, and is now one of the heads of the Nature Conservancy. One of his first posts was Salvador.

We were about 1000 miles from the embassy in Brasilia. So we had the enviable position of being very, very far away from the embassy, which as far as I was concerned was just great, having been just two floors from the ambassador. We were left alone pretty well to do our own thing. Once we had satisfied the elementary reporting requirements, we could basically decide on our own plan of action, which we did. In a small consulate, you have to pretty quickly find out what your assets are in terms of what will make you seem attractive to the embassy - attractive enough that when the next reductions come along they won't close your post rather than somebody else's. I found that the best thing for me was the governor of Bahia, who was a very prominent Brazilian politician called Antonio Carlos Magalaes, who is perhaps today the most powerful man in Brazil as leader of the Senate. So I got to know Antonio Carlos pretty well.

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I soon realized that one of the most interesting facets of life in Bahia was the revolutions going on within the Catholic Church and the evolution of the evangelicals. So I did a lot of reporting on some of the activities of the Catholic Church and the political leanings of the Catholic Church, and the emergence of what were called comunidades de base, or basic communities. Actually, I did quite a bit of political reporting when I was in Salvador. The other thing that we had was a big cacal cocoa center for Brazil down south of there in Ilheus.

*Q: Were these political or religious?*

HARTLEY: At times the distinctions between religion and politics became blurred particularly under the tutelage of radicalized priests from seminaries in Italy or the United States. Perhaps the most famous person in Bahia is Jorge Amado, author of Gabriela, Cloves and Cinnamon, and chronicler of sagas depicting the lives of the life of the Brazilian "colonels" or landowners in the big cocoa estates in the south of Bahia. I was fortunate in having two excellent officers, one of whom, John Dwyer, the branch PPA is now in charge of all Information Management in State... So I think we had a pretty hot little post there for a couple of years and I like to think we were highly regarded by the embassy. I used to go to the principal officers' conferences in Brasilia.

The ambassador at that time was Robert Sayre, who I always got along well with. You still see him in the halls of State. Dick Johnson, my old pal from Belgrade, who had been my boss there, had just left post as DCM in Brasilia - who I'm sure was helpful in my getting that post. If anybody says personalism is dead in the Foreign Service, they are wrong. George High was my deputy chief of mission. He was very helpful, a fine and conscientious person. I had no particular problems with the embassy while I was in Salvador, they let me be and appeared to be satisfied with the product. I got my promotion to O-1 while in Salvador.

*Q: Were you able to exercise your commercial promotion skills there?*

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HARTLEY: This was not a big market for U.S. products. The interest of Salvador was the U.S. investment there. There were U.S. companies that had invested there in something called the Polopetrochemico which is a petrochemical complex. It consisted of about 30 or 40 companies. By far the largest part of the U.S. investment was centered in Sao Paulo, of course, and to some extent in Rio. So we were, in a way, a backwater, but we did have some commercial activity. At that time Brazil was one of the world's leading cocoa producers so I got to know the people in the producing area (the south of my state) and eventually wrote a long analytical report which probably nobody read!

*Q: What was the political situation in your area during this '79-'82 period?*

HARTLEY: You will recall that in a coup in 1963 a leftist regime led by Joao Goulart was overthrown by the Brazilian military. While mild compared to Pinochet this was a repressive regime and triggered responses from the left such as the kidnaping of Burke Elbrick, the U.S. ambassador to Brazil, in 1970. The regime when I arrived, under General Ernesto Geisel, was kinder and gentler than its predecessors and opposition leaders returned from exile or jail. General Geisel was replaced as President by another General, Joao Figueiredo, in 1979 just after my arrival. Figueiredo had been head of military intelligence. The time I was in Salvador saw a strengthening of the political party structure in preparation for new elections, which ultimately occurred just after my departure in 1985. Though still a dictatorship, there was a certain degree of local autonomy and the beginnings of a freer parliament. The State of Bahia had a lot of interesting things going on. To the west were thousands of hectares of potential farm land which had been basically grabbed by a group of Brazilian parliamentarians in the early '60s and resold to a number of midwestern U.S. farmers as a fraudulent land scheme. Some of these came over and soon found themselves under attack. Most departed before I had arrived but one guy, Leonard Earl and his family, were made of sterner stuff. They were frequently attacked by armed gangs but returned fire and eventually killed a gang member. Leonard Earl became a fugitive. I made several trips to Barreiras, the wild west type city and

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principal city in that area, to try to demonstrate our support of this family and I also kept the governor informed. I don't recall what eventually happened, I think by that time I had been transferred.

*Q: Do you recall any radical students or union people or anybody, or were they pretty well suppressed in your area?*

HARTLEY: In my area I don't think there were any. It was never a very politically active area. It was rather typical developing or less-developed areas that were traditionally dominated by one, two, three, or four families. There was a patronage system, and the whole bit. It wasn't like Rio and Sao Paulo, of course, where there had been active student movements. The students in the University of Salvador were a pretty quiescent bunch.. The only problem we had was when the government decided in 1981 to raise the bus fares. Then there were riots in the streets. They overturned buses and caused some mayhem. All in all, it was a relatively quiet time in Brazilian politics. The end of the military era and the beginning of the new era, you had the rise of the opposition parties. I found that after a couple of years, though, I had pretty much exhausted my resources in Salvador. I began to get a little restless. There's just so much you can do in a small post. There's not much to do in Salvador. It was culturally different and indeed fascinating. Salvador is the Brazilian center for Afro culture. There was little interest in classical music few concerts and I have to admit that I am geared to western European culture. Sondra was more into it than I was. Then, of course, there was the annual Carnival activities when the whole city ground to a halt. We used to participate though most of those who could do it escaped the city and the general noise and confusion. I found it a little boring. I didn't, frankly, find a lot of people as stimulating as I was used to in Europe. I missed Europe and I missed the States.

*Q: You mentioned that you were looking at the role of the church there. We're talking about the Catholic Church. What were they doing?*



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HARTLEY: Well, there were factions within the Catholic Church. There were very radical priests and there were very conservative bishops. Dom Helder of Recife was a leading radical bishop. As I mentioned, the base communities had emerged. These were, I believe, a way to head off the protestant churches, the fundamentalist churches making inroads in the northeast among the poor there. The Catholic Church realized that it had to do something. Otherwise, they were going to lose out, lose congregations to the Protestants. So with the comunidade de base, they tried to get the churches back into the grassroots level, the village level by forming these communities that were socially active as well as being religious. So these were being established while I was there. The question was, "Were they effective? To what extent were they political? And were they really religious or were they a way for the left-wing church to infiltrate." So there was that aspect of it, too. There was a seminary in the University of Chicago, apparently, that was pretty radical, a Catholic seminary. Some of their priests were coming down. There were some fairly hot-blooded ones. And there was also legitimate concern about poverty in the northeast; conditions in the drought ridden backlands was and is appalling. It's something that everyone is right to be concerned with. But there was a question about how politicized was this concern. This is one of the things that worried the embassy. We can be concerned about poverty and do the most we can to alleviate it, but we don't want the poverty to breed communist ideology. So that's, I guess, why I was particularly interested in the comunidade de base.

*Q: What about the protestant church. Was this basically based out of fundamentalist American sects, and were they involved down where you were?*

HARTLEY: Yes, but they kept themselves to themselves. I wouldn't be able to quantify how many there were in my consular district. I was aware that they were spreading, but I was not actually in close touch with the Protestant churches. They themselves were fractured and fractious and they lacked a leadership structure to communicate with.

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*Q: Why don't we talk about Rio? You were in Rio from '82 to '84.*

HARTLEY: I was there for two years. I was sent down there by Tony Motley. He was the ambassador who replaced Bob Sayre.

Motley was a political appointee from Alaska with a Brazilian background... He liked Brazil and the BrazilianHis father had been, I think, the head of Atlantic Richfield in Brazil, so Tony was brought up there, knew the language, and was a very good people person. He asked me to go to Rio and be the deputy principal officer there, so I did. I wasn't particularly pleased about it because I didn't really want to go to Rio. I wanted to get back home, as did Sondra, but we deferred to him. and I was both DPO [deputy principal officer] and political officer under the consul general, Sam Lupo, who had been the administrative counselor in Brasilia. We had some very active political goings-on. The opposition leader, Tancredo Neves was the governor of the state of Minas Gerais, which was in my consular district, so a tremendous amount of what was going on was actually in my consulate area. So I had to try to follow that as well as helping to run this large consulate general, which ranked up there with Frankfurt or Hong Kong.

We made some good friends in Rio and used to get out to Petropolis quite a bit. We had some friends out there. We had a lady in particular, our landlady, who had a beautiful house out in Petropolis out in the mountains above Rio. We used to go out there almost every weekend when I wasn't working. Sometimes I had to work weekends, sometimes not. I did not particularly like Rio as a town. I think, again, I had been spoiled by being my own boss. I got along quite well with Sam Lupo, but we weren't a tremendously close fit and I feel that he was a bit suspicious of me because of my close relationship with Motley. The political situation: I talked about the emergence of the opposition parties. Figueiredo, the president, had some heart problems, so he was sent back to the States to be treated at a hospital in Ohio - I think it was. Meanwhile, the economy, the inflation rate had reached incredibly high levels. All the time I was in Brazil they had real problems with the inflation and with their debt. They had an enormous debt. This just seemed to get

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worse the longer I was there and the debt would go up with U.S. interest rates. They were also preparing for democratic elections, so I interviewed Tancredo Neves in his office in Belo Horizonte, capitol of Minas Gerais.

Anyway, I was there for two years, and I cut short my tour. I could have stayed for three years, but I opted to stay for two and return to the States, which I did in 1984.

*Q: Did you find that Rio was a place that you had a lot of concern about Visiting Firemen coming in, whooping it up, having a great time, and getting into trouble? Or just the fact that you had to cater to these people coming through?*

HARTLEY: Yes, we had a tremendous load of congressional visitors, CODELs. Some of them were serious and some of them weren't. Steve Solarz from New York was an exception, a very a serious guy. He came through when it was the New Year's holiday, and he insisted in having appointments with the highest level of the state government during the New Year's season. That was not looked upon with any great favor. I should say that in 1982, we got a new governor of the state, Leonel Brisola, who is a famous left-wing Brazilian politician who had been sort of in cahoots with Goulart, the president who had been ousted in the 1963 coup. Brisola was one of the new opposition leaders and he and his party were able to win Rio State. Initially, he became mayor of Rio, and then later he became the state governor. He was always cordial. I remember when he was mayor of Rio, coming into the mayor's office and there he was seated with a delegation from, I think, El Salvador, no doubt from the opposition. I'm sure he meant for me to see that since the door was open.

*Q: We're going to start this session with your leaving Rio in 1982. Where did you go?*

HARTLEY: I left Rio in 1984. I went back to the State Department.

Before we go any further there's one thing I sort of neglected, I think, over the last few years—that is, my family. I probably mentioned that a month before I left for Salvador, I

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married Sondra Otey from Memphis, Tennessee. Sondra had no overseas experience at all. She had been to Europe on a European tour back when she was in college or just after college, but had no experience and really knew nothing about the Foreign Service. I thought this was somewhat strange but when I realized when I was with her and her friends in Memphis, I realized exactly why she didn't know anything about the Foreign Service. She didn't know anything about it and her friends didn't know anything about it. I remember when we went and saw, quite by chance, in the early days of our relationship, "Donna Flora and Her Two Lovers" (It was a Brazilian film set in Salvador where I was headed following my language training.), I asked her - it was our second date - what she thought of it. She said it looked so filthy dirty to her. And little did I know, nor did she know, that we would end up together right there in Salvador de Bahia six months later. She had a real culture shock - more than most people because of the fact she was 35 and had never lived overseas and was propelled into a rather isolated post with few Americans and no married colleagues. But once she saw that basically what you need in a Foreign Service wife is know-how, understanding of how to entertain, get to know people, sympathize and empathize, she was great. She picked up the language and she spoke it pretty well by the time we left. She was a tremendous asset. I should also mention that my son, who had been in school in England, came and joined us in Salvador. He went to the American School in Salvador and has since returned as a naturalist, married, and bought a house there!

*Q: Oh, absolutely. I think it is something that is overlooked so often. This is not easy, this type of work. Both what is sort of expected of a wife in ordinary circumstances and then throw in foreign areas.*

HARTLEY: Well, she wanted a change, and she certainly got it. A lot more than she expected. One little story—if I have repeated this, I'm sorry—our first entertainment at our residence. We had just moved in a few days before. The guy whom we replaced had thoughtfully left the Fourth of July reception for us to deal with, which was very clever. So Sandra was left with absolutely not a word of Portuguese. I told her, "Sandra, for God's

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sake, the one thing you need to know is that praser rhymes with brassiere - praser being the Brazilian for "Pleased to meet you." She sat by the door shaking hands with people, saying "brassiere." And that was that. Anyway, that is a little aside.

I left Rio actually a year in advance because I wanted to get back home. There was somebody interested in the job, and I was actually very happy to leave at that point.

The consul general had left. I actually spent about four months in charge of the post, which was kind of fun. It was a big post, I think the second or third largest consulate in the world. So I got some interesting little managerial experience through that. But the other thing was that I was in the situation of not having been promoted and I was either going to get caught by the—what was it, six years in grade—or the last six years?

*Q: They kept changing it.*

HARTLEY: In any event, they had me pinned down more or less whichever way I looked. It was unlikely that I would be getting another promotion, although I had gotten a promotion while I was in Brazil. But that was up to the then FS-1 level, so I wasn't going to get much further. So it was a good thing to come back to the States and get acclimatized. First of all, I had been overseas a total of 25 years. I didn't know anything about the States. I had never really lived in the U.S. for any length of time. I did not have a contact base, though, never having been to school here—which a lot of people found was useful. Though I had been to college, of course but not in the DC area. But it just seemed to be the right thing to leave. I was approached by Personnel about a number of other overseas posts, the most likely one being Panama as political officer. I had no desire to go to Panama. I could have probably gone to Barbados, which would have been quite an interesting post. Then there were other offers, but basically we wanted to get home. So we did. We bought a house on 34th street in Washington, and moved in there. Then I started my job in the U.S. Mission to the Organization of American States.

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*Q: You were in the OAS from '84 to...?*

HARTLEY: '84 to '86. This is a peculiar beast, the OAS Mission, because it is an international mission. It is a mission to an international organization, which happens to be based in Washington, therefore the mission happens to exist within the State Department. It was sort of, I felt, neither fish, flesh, nor fowl. You were in the State Department, but not actually of it. My job was not particularly interesting. I was what you call Mission Coordinator, which was, as its sound implies, meant to coordinate the various elements of the mission. But over the years, the elements of the mission had shrunk of their own accord. It really wasn't a very well defined job.

I had never worked with or been involved in an international organization. I used to occasionally go to the meetings of the OAS, though I didn't directly have anything to do with it. But I would get involved in the preparation of stuff. But I still feel that you need to be a certain type of person to be involved in international organizations. For me, there's a tremendous amount of verbiage, a tremendous amount of wheel spinning, there are endless compromises over very arcane points. There's an immense amount of pique and personal pride involved, especially with the Latin American states in their relationship with Uncle Sam. It just seemed to me that there was an awful lot of petty posturing and resolutions that basically people paid no attention to.

*Q: How did you find the OAS after all of the stripping of its posturing and all. Was there much you can accomplish or do in your view?*

HARTLEY: You know, if you look at the real problems of Latin America, which are problems of mal-distribution of income, of development in general. At that time, there was a tendency to a greater degree of democracy. That became evident later, and eventually—either because of us or not at all because of us, because of other things that happened—you got virtually every country with the exception of Cuba and Paraguay, which to some degree were democratic. But a lot of this happened probably without any connection

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with OAS at all because the fall of the Soviet Empire basically scuttled Marxism and revolutionized Latin American thought about economics. We used the OAS to get our point of view across and to make absolutely sure that Castro was kept bottled up.

*Q: During the time you were there, '84 to '86, the Soviets were still going. I mean, they didn't go until '89, or a little after—in the 90's.*

HARTLEY: The overthrow of the Allende government in the early '70s had, of course, greeted with horror. But Allende was an extreme left wing socialist who was bent on nationalizing just about everything. Pinochet was a blunt instrument - a murderer and a thug; but he did point the way to a general movement toward capitalism and a free market, which was, I guess, evolving when I was in OAS. In the OAS, there was nothing really that directly bore on this that I can think of. It was mostly political posturing. We had our national interest, our Cuban policy. We spent a lot of time trying to shoot down any initiative that was aimed at including Cuba in anything. I remember the preparations for the 500th year of Columbus landing in America was one such when we were spending more time trying to keep the Cubans out of it than almost anything else. I felt this kind of thing was basically meaningless - I guess it was important, but I didn't think it was very important.

*Q: What about Central America? We had the Nicaragua and El Salvador business going on. From your perspective, did you see much effort from the OAS, or was that a side show?*

HARTLEY: There were certainly activities in the OAS. And there were initiatives - but within the OAS structure - to help with agricultural reform, along lines that we wanted. I believe that much of this was positive and it certainly ended by taking away lots of support from the Sandinistas and their ilk . There was good work done under all the posturing. Bill Mittendorf was our ambassador to the OAS. He was a very right wing sort of guy. We used to sort of use him, would have him attend things where we needed a sort of heavyweight

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come and fire a few salvos for us. I liked him personally and he was a faithful friend. He was quite effective only because of his bulk, if nothing else. He was taller and bigger than most of the people there. So when he got up, he could thunder away in a way that was quite impressive to the Latinos who were there at the meetings. But as I said, I was really more involved in the administration of OAS.

I was also, I think, ready to leave the Foreign Service. I felt I had two years more and I was looking at the future. I think I was basically bored with the whole thing. Bill Mittendorf left. I enjoyed working with him. He was replaced by a guy who was even more right-wing than he was and not nearly as capable, Richard McCormick—one of Jesse Helms' connections who was put in as the assistant secretary for economic affairs, then became the OAS guy. He was a very pleasant fellow, but he was not at all, I thought, the forceful presence—for better or worse. Mittendorf by the way, also spent a fair amount of time kind of peripherally involved in this.

Do you remember this kind of loose organization of right wing ambassadors who got together and kind of became kind of very hawkish representatives—a sort of more hawkish point of view than we were peddling at the time with regard to South America. One of them was the ambassador to Costa Rica, Curt Winsor, who was one of that group. Then there was the ambassador in Venezuela for a time, who was also a Republican businessman. Mittendorf himself also spent a lot of time with his own business, which was art. He was an avid art collector, and his office was very often full of quite priceless art. I think he was interested in what he was doing, but he had a lot of other interests, too.

Anyway, I did have one interesting assignment that got me out of Washington. I went to Cartagena, Colombia as advance person for a meeting of OAS ministers there. I had never been to that part of the world. The airport near Cartagena was blocked by an air crash, so I and a colleague took a local bus by night from Barranquilla, in and around narcoguerrilla country. There were numerous unofficial road blocks and I have to say that I fingered my diplomatic passport quite nervously! But shortly afterwards, I engineered a



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transfer, partly on the strength of the fact that my job as Mission Coordinator was put on the short list. If you recall, there was a reclassification of jobs about that time. This would have been in 1985-86. The mission coordinator, rightly I think, was taken off the books. So I then occupied another job within the mission temporarily. So then I was able to get into the Board of Examiners, which is a traditional breaking-off point.

*Q: It's a good place. It's interesting.*

HARTLEY: I found it actually in some ways one of the more interesting assignments I have had. Very interesting to see the process of how people get.

*Q: Before we leave the OAS, though, did you get any feel about pressure on the OAS? Did you get a feel for the political tides that were going say from Congress, particularly from Jesse Helms, a right wing senator from North Carolina, or from the White House, which was the Reagan period. And any feeling about how these personalities were directing our Central American policy?*

HARTLEY: Well, I think there were certainly pressures, but I think they tended to be indirect. For example, one of Helms' senior staffers - he was on the Foreign Relations Committee, but he was not of course the chairman at that time. He had a staff member, a woman - Debra Moss. She was originally Greek and her name had been changed. She would go around surreptitiously talking to very right wing people wherever she was, without telling the embassy about it. I remember getting a call during...this would have been the OAS meeting in Brazil. I got a call from Alec Watson, who was the DCM there at the time, who said this woman was sneaking around, talking to people on the extreme right, and, were we aware of this and, could we please make sure that this was stopped. I think Bob Sayre was with us temporarily at the time. So between us I guess we called up someone on the Foreign Relations staff and mentioned this and she stopped. Mittendorf actually had a lot of very good friends on the Hill, not just right wing Republicans. He was in touch with other people. I think his bark was worse than his bite when it came to really

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sort of proselytizing right wing ideas. I think he looked upon himself as a kind of buffer between us and Helms. But it's hard for me to say what role he played. He was pretty remote.

*Q: So when you were with the Board of Examiners - you were with them what? About how long?*

HARTLEY: About six or seven months.

*Q: Could you say how the system worked when you were there? This is in '86?*

HARTLEY: Right. Well, the way the exam was structured at that time was that you would have two pieces of prose that you had to write. One was, I think, to summarize a passage, and the other was an essay of some sort. And then, I think while I was there, they introduced the In Box test. For me, the two most interesting parts in which we were of course directly involved was the usually three-on-one interview. And what I thought was interesting about this at the time—and I gather that they changed it later—was that we did not know anything about the applicant before we went in to ask him the questions. This meant that we had no preconceptions about him. So we didn't know whether this guy had a Ph.D., or whether he had no degree at all, or anything about his background, whether he had been overseas. I felt this was a very good idea because then it forced us to be objective, whereas had we known about his background we might have tended toward bias in one way or the other - by us against or on behalf of the applicant. I'm glad I did not have to answer some of these questions. I thought they were very difficult, a lot of them - very hard to answer and very difficult to come up with the correct answer. You probably worked in the Board of Examiners.

*Q: By this time, we were getting a lot of women, too.*

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HARTLEY: Yes. We were certainly getting a lot of women. A guy or a gal. We did get a lot of women. And then the other one was the exercise involving the mythical country, whose name I can't even remember anymore.

Q: *Aruan.*

HARTLEY: The way it was structured was that they were given a sort of thumbnail description of the mythical country—its resources, its population, its political parties, its economy in general, literacy, blah, blah, blah that they had a few hours to react. Each one was given the identical—a map with the river system, mountains, the whole thing. It was quite a clever concept. Each one was given an AID-type of project. They had to get up, a certain amount of money was allocated across the board, and then they had to argue on behalf of their project. In the middle, just when they were getting started, someone would say “Oh, we've just gotten a telegram to say that AID has halved the money available for these projects.” Then they had to scramble. Some projects were good. Some weren't. If you got a guy who has been given a bad project, was he able to make it into a better project? If not, was he able to back out of it with grace and in some way throw his support to someone else in such a way that he himself would retain some say about what was going on? Or if a guy had a good project, could he get the amount of money he should get, or does he fail to make a good case? You could also see how people responded to criticism, how they interacted with others, how smooth they were, or how acerbic they were. I think that was an excellent exercise. Unfortunately, we had to remember that there was quite a lot of leakage going on. People would come back, especially those from Georgetown University School of Foreign Service. They had people there that were collecting all the possible questions and cooking up answers so that these people would know more or less what would happen—which wasn't changed. In my view, you should try to change it significantly every couple of months. So it gave a big advantage to people who had actually studied at the School of Foreign Service and these special cram type places. That, of course, is the imperfection of any exam. You can't really do too much

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about it. I thought that the exam was fair. On the Board we had minorities. We rarely had a disagreement over a candidate. This was, of course, back before the big class action suit. It worked quite well. I think the most difficult thing to do was when the three examiners would get together at the end of the day and go through the markings. You would assign a numerical marking for each quality—there were about 12 or 14, or 20. I can't remember. I found that that was sometimes difficult and an argument would be there. On the whole, it was a pretty good system. The last stage of my career was when I went into what had been the Iranian embassy, where the Department had this special course for dealing with the outside world. I've forgotten what they call it. You were introduced into the arcane minutiae of resumes and things like that, which most of us had not had to bother with for many years, if ever. So that was it. I had 30 years and two days. I did my thirty years.

*Q: A quick going back to the Board of Examiners. What did you find as far as—did you find you all were pulling your punches if you had a minority candidate, or not? Did you have that feeling? Was there a lot of pressure on you to hire people so that you would have more women in and more minorities? Normally, we're talking about African- Americans. How about Asian-Americans? Indian-Americans? And so forth?*

HARTLEY: Personally, I don't think that I was aware of this. I think where it became more obvious was the next stage—those who had passed the exam and their placement within the Foreign Service—whether they were going to get a political job or a economic or consular job. I understand that in those cases, there were pressures to place some of the minorities into some more high-profile political jobs and that sort of thing. But as I think I mentioned, I did not see any particular pressure. I don't think I was at all subjective about that, either. I treated them all the same, as far as I could see. I didn't kowtow to the fact that someone was black or whatever. I don't think that's the system. As far as I'm concerned, you should be as objective as possible. The only time I felt I had been leaned on was when, going through the case files, there was one applicant who had worked and written for some fiercely partisan magazines, he was a political activist (pro-Arab). I remember I brought that to the attention of one of the more senior types with a

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recommendation that the file be carefully reviewed. I never heard what happened about that.

*Q: Well, Doug, just to sort of finish this up, what did you do after you left and retired from the Foreign Service?*

HARTLEY: Well, I went into a - I call it a trading company, a little private company that they were trying to do, come up with deals. They were interested in Eastern Europe and South America. This is basically just chasing ideas that people would get and see if there was any money to be made. That's basically what it was. I was with them about a year. I didn't think they were getting anywhere, nor was I getting anywhere with them. It was valuable in that I saw how different it is to work in the private sector and the public. How lucky, how insulated we were from reality in the Foreign Service, which I hadn't really realized before. And how difficult it is to turn a buck when you don't have a paycheck. On the other hand, financially I was not, thank God, in a situation where I had to make money. I supposed if I had had to make money, I would have found some way to do it. Maybe that's just very optimistic. Normally, I think if you have to, you find some way to do it. Then I went into another similar company that was much more pointed in one particular area, which was Slovenia. In the meantime, I managed to get on the State Department rolls. I was working a lot at the State Department in CDR, Freedom of Information. This has been a useful source of income and I've had exposure to quite a number of interesting documents, especially since working at the National Archives in College Park. In 1994, with a friend of mine I had known in London—not a Foreign Service person—a businessman—we started a company called Slovenia-America Development Company. The idea was to try to come up with a fund under an act which congress had made funds available for mixed private/government funds under the Save Democracy Act for European countries. They instituted these for Hungary, Czechoslovakia (as it then was), Bulgaria. So our idea was to try and get one for Slovenia. Basically it didn't work, for reasons that aren't worth the telling. Our timing wasn't very good, and the U.S. government wasn't interested in Slovenia. Anyway, my partner and I went our separate ways and I turned to helping

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exporters to the United States market products by finding niches for them if there was one in the vast U.S. market. I think this had a lot of promise and generated much interest, but we did have a problem. We had a lot of trouble getting paid for our services. We found that if the company isn't going to pay you for services, there's not a whole lot you can do about it unless you get lawyers involved. I was undercapitalized. I didn't want to get involved with stockholders. I tried to do it alone, which was a mistake. But it was interesting. I learned a lot from that. It was a good experience having my own company, coming up with multilingual brochures, preparing short market surveys, matching companies and products. Also having to deal with the DC Regulatory people. Though I had registered the company in Delaware, we were still assessed by the District for one thing or another. You were subject to various taxes, special levies, etc., and a series of complicated forms. After I had filled one form out three times only to have it returned, I finally called up John Ray (on whose mayoral campaign I had worked) and in a few days it was all straightened out. But unless you have hired help, or enough cash to weather the first difficult years, and more, the willingness to lose lots of money, running your own business becomes more and more of a nightmare. So I thought, life is too short. At age 62, I decided I didn't need this, so I wound it up while I was still solvent! Oh, I should mention that in 1988 I went to Port au Prince, Haiti, on a TDY as acting political counselor. This was at a time of military coup and counter coup, of such unsavory characters as Generals Prosper Avril and Namphéy. I saw a lot of the country and frequently joined Ambassador Bronson McKinley in hiking through the beautiful back country of Haiti. Other retirement-imposed activities included some serious and not so serious bike trips with old and dear friend Dan Zachary and others in Russia, Israel, France, Germany, and Nova Scotia. Since 1997 I have been a supervisor in four elections in Bosnia and one in Kosovo under the auspices of the OSCE [Organization for Security and Cooperation in Europe]. In 1998, I spent six weeks registering voters in a tiny Bosnian village perched near Srebrenica. Situated on the border of the Muslim Federation and the Serb Republic of Bosnia, Sapna had been in the middle of the war zone. It was the kind of place I would never have known existed in my Foreign Service days, let alone living in it - and in a half constructed little house with a charming Muslim

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family, as one of two registrars, the other being a young Romanian. In February 2000, Sondra and I returned to Salvador for the first time since we had departed that post in 1982, to attend the wedding of our son, Richard, to a beautiful Brazilian woman, Claudia. I should also mention that we built and now, for six months of the year, inhabit a house on the Maine coast near the town of Thomaston. In my dotage, I have taken to sculpting and painting. I give much of my surplus product to children, who probably find it hard to refuse! I have also been studying classical piano since retirement in 1986, but will still pound out the old favorites for those ancient enough to recall them. So, basically, life has been good to me and I thank God for that and for good health.

*Q: Well, it sounds great. Okay. Well, why don't we stop at this point?*

End of interview